

EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

DIXON, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

NUMBER 1241

S. G. AUSTIN & CO.

Special Sale of HOLIDAY GOODS
Saturday, December 31st, 1887.
Balance of Stock at prices to
Speedily sell.

S. G. AUSTIN & CO.

—The Board of Supervisors meet next week.

—That blizzard continued through the night.

—A Happy New Year to all the readers of THE TELEGRAPH.

—The Nachusa has an elegant menu for to-morrow; New Year's day.

—Loyal Temperance Legion meets to-morrow in the Lutheran church at 8 p. m.

—THE EVENING TELEGRAPH will not make its appearance Monday evening the printers wishing to celebrate.

—Eustace Shaw, one of the local editors of THE EVENING TELEGRAPH, is confined to his room with sickness.

—At the Nachusa church next week will be observed as a week of prayer and there will be services at the church every evening.

—Tickets to the gallery for the concert and masquerade ball Monday evening are for sale at Hyde & Co's book store; twenty five and fifteen cents.

—The Rev. Sheets has been at his father's house, in Oregon, during the week where there was a family reunion. He returned home this afternoon.

—We have heard no arrangements for making calls on New Year's day and we fear that the pleasant and neighborly custom has become among the things of the past.

—J. C. Ayres has his office fixed up in fine style. Well, he deserves a good office because he knows how to enjoy neatness and refinement and everybody enjoys his enjoyment.

—Edmond Harry Hart's funeral took place yesterday at the Nachusa church and was largely attended by neighbors who sympathize with the parents and respect the deceased.

—The Presbyterian and Lutheran churches will unite in union services during the week of prayer. The first service will be held in the Lutheran church on Monday evening at 7:30.

—Those wishing to attend the concert given by the Northwestern Military band at the Opera House on Monday evening and to witness the masquerade ball can secure seats at Hyde & Co's book store.

—There will be, as usual on New Year's Eve, Watch Night services at the M. E. church to-night, commencing at nine o'clock. It is proposed to see the old year out and welcome the new; "Welcome the coming. Speed the parting guest," so to speak.

—One of the pretty "waiter girls" in a Freeport hotel turns out to be a boy; the mean thing. A real boy. He was not treated as kindly as was Byron's Don Juan, for when it was discovered that he was not a she he was compelled to don bifurcated clothing and go hence to parts unknown.

—Here is sweetness for you. I. B. Countryman & Co. gave to their customers in parcels of Christmas gifts over three hundred and fifty pounds of candy. But this is but a small portion of the sweetness that was devoured during the past week. J. H. Morris & Son sold about eight hundred pounds and J. W. Kent sent out more than twice that amount. Dixon being now a city of schools, blessed with "sweet girl graduates in their golden hair," may account for this "sweet food" and for the "sweetly uttered knowledge" that we hear.

—That sidewalk snow plow is a good thing generally, but the two men and one horse management this morning did not tackle the drifts with the vim that was required to make a real path. The plow skipped over the top of the snow much as a sled would glide along. But the snow was heavy and packed with the falling rain. We would not, however, discourage that snow plow business, for it has been a great blessing and we hope that the city authorities will keep it moving thus removing the "beautiful snow" that becomes a most intolerable nuisance when piled upon the sidewalk.

—Here is what the Sterling Gazette says about it. The "thirty years" business. However, somewhat of an antiquated "chestnut" which we have heretofore answered, but in the main our neighbor is right:

"Lee county lawyers at their meeting unanimously recommended Mr. William Barge as candidate for judge. Mr. Barge may be all right, but Dixon has had the office thirty years. But, there, we keep forgetting that the Gazette is in favor of the lawyers determining the matter. THE TELEGRAPH, whoops it up for nobody; as the Gazette wants the lawyers to choose the Whiteside man, it wants them to choose a Lee man. * * Each county has its candidate and of course it is understood that the papers in each county desires the lawyers to make choice of the man in its county. That is all right, but it is not fair to try to bulldoze the lawyers into nominating some particular candidate. Mr. Shaw will not and the Gazette will not seek to use undue influence.

—The Sterling Gazette suggests the editor of THE TELEGRAPH for an important State office. It is not likely, urges neighbor Cobb, that "Ben Shaw will, owing to his modesty," enter into the canvass. Brother Cobb is certainly correct in the statement that he (or we) will not be a candidate; but whether or not that is owing to innate modesty "the deponent sayeth not." We suppose that a great author was speaking of editors (or surely should have been) when he said: "They of all the professions seem the most modest who have the greatest right to glory in their commission." And furthermore, we believe that the true interpretation of the word would suggest that modesty is the absence of all tendency to overestimate ourselves. It enters largely into the composition of men (editors especially) who are inclined to claim less than their due and to accord more than their due to others. That is the way editors are put up and it fits them exactly for the purposes of writing puffs and glorifying others but at the same time unfits them for the struggles incident to running for office. Neighbor Cobb, you are very kind but really we can not become a candidate for office. You must excuse us. Please don't mention the matter again.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENT

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.

The vestry of St. Luke's church desire to announce that there will be no intermission of regular services in consequence of the departure of Rev. Mr. Wilkinson; but that temporary supply will be provided until another Rector shall be settled. The Rev. John McKim, of Sterling, missionary to Japan, will conduct services next Sunday, morning and evening.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Sunday school at 10 a. m.; morning service at 11, subject of sermon: "The Old Year and the New." Evening service at 7; subject of sermon: "Heavenly things rendered apparent by things of Earth." [Being the sixth sermon of the series of "Ten Nights with the Savior."] All are cordially invited.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Services 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m.; young people's meeting 6 p. m. Subject of morning sermon, "A Twenty-five Year's Review."

M. E. CHURCH.

Regular services at the Methodist church to-morrow. Morning service 10:30 Sunday school 12 m.; evening service 7; preaching by the pastor. Watch night services commences this evening at nine o'clock.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Regular services morning and evening. Morning service 10:30; a New Year's sermon and celebration of the Lord's supper. Sunday school at 12 m.; young people's meeting 6 p. m.; evening service 7 o'clock. Subject, "Returning to the Lord."

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Morning text: "Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 1-7. Evening text: "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3-14. Sunday school at 12 m.

DIXON'S FERRY FIFTY YEARS AGO

A Travelers Experience.

E. G. Cole sends *The Dubuque Herald* an account of a trip made from central Michigan to Dubuque by a party of government land surveyors in 1837, as recently related by one of the party.

The account of the trip through Lee County at Paw Paw and Dixon will be read with interest. The *Telegraph* is reminded in reading it that only three persons then living at Dixon are now alive. They are Mrs. Fanny Dixon, Daniel B. McKenny Esq., and Doctor Oliver Everett. Mrs. E. B. Baker, though then only a little girl of eight or nine years, was probably one of the lookers on when the young folks took dinner at her father's house.

"Our party was made up in Jackson county, Michigan in August, 1837, consisting of United States Deputy Surveyor James Videto and five assistants. These assistants were all young men, four of whom had not seen their twentieth year yet, all farmers' boys, and but recently from the east, and but a short time had been in Michigan. None of us had ever seen a great prairie, and all were eager to see the "wild west." Our conveyance consisted of a pair of Canada ponies and a wagon. Our practice was for four of us to walk and two ride and alternate. At that season of the year the western roads were pretty good and on reckoning the distance and time we found we had made about forty miles per day.

Nothing of material interest transpired until we arrived at Chicago. The old military post, the silvery waters of the lake, and the wide ridge of drift sand, upon which the town then stood—what there was of it—and the great flat expanse of prairie lying directly west of it looked to us like precarious foundation to build upon. The river was spanned by a float bridge, hooked fast for crossing, and swung to one side for schooners to pass up when needed. When our team crossed the bridge sunk a half a foot or more, and driving off it rose again. To us that little crooked, black muddy ditch was unworthy the name of river. The Tremont house was the main hotel. It stood well out upon the common, the most westerly of any of the business houses, and was built of brick, apparently too narrow for its foundation, and yet it seemed to be doing a business. In the morning the Rock Island stage departed with a full load of passengers, destined for the latter place. That outfit was a good one. Over the door of the stage was written in gilt letters "Frink, Walker & Co., Rock Island," six well matched chestnut colored horses, a splendid coach with broad tires to avoid cutting down upon the then grassy prairie roads; we boys envied that driver perched upon the splendid six in hand.

Our next point was Dixon's ferry upon Rock river. We took the south route via Aurora on the Fox river, which we found to consist of a stage, a tavern, and a few residences; thence westward over the great prairies, which were nearly uninhabited; except the small groves Paw Paw and Pictolite there a few residents.

There was a log tavern at the former grove kept by a Mr. Townsend, where we stopped over night. It will be remembered that our government removed the Potawatamie Indians from Michigan and Illinois to their reservation in 1837, and it happened that the whole outfit camped at Paw Paw grove that night. They were in charge of a major of the United States cavalry, with a company as guards and escorts, and it was said there were five hundred wagons in the train. They were camped in tents mainly, in the soldier style, and were guarded by regular sentinels. We got permission to go inside and look them over while they were in their tents at night. It was a grand treat to us to see so many of "the red men of the forest" with their families camped in their native style for the night's rest.

Renewing our journey we finally arrived at the Dixon ferry, where the city of Dixon now is. We found a few residences, a small grocery store, and a tavern, a fine river, and a good ferry. The ferry was owned and manned by John Dixon in person. The first ferry that any of us young men had ever seen which was propelled by the current. The renowned pioneer Dixon was a fine specimen of physical humanity, of middle age, and of that dignified and friendly bearing that made a favorable impression upon us all.

The next point was Buffalo grove. My impression is now that we passed over some of the finest prairie from the river to the grove that we saw in the

whole of our journey. Arriving at the grove we found a log tavern and stage station, a small grove of timber very pleasantly situated. A stage load of passengers from each way, together with our six, filled the little town too full for convenience, and some of the boys put in the time while waiting for dinner by cracking hickory nuts under; the trees near the house, but a short train [shower] drove us all in doors. The landlady setting there was a lack of room for the guests, requested some of the boys to go to the kitchen. Two of us promptly obeyed orders. The landlady was a bright, active, business woman, and inquired of us: "How many are there in your company?" "Six," was the reply. "And have you got to have dinner, too?" "Certainly; we all want dinner." "Well, then, you must kill some chickens. Have you a gun?" "We have a good rifle." "Well, then, kill some of those crows. I don't want the hens killed." The sharp and frequent crack of the rifle apprised the landlady of the chicken slaughter that was rapidly going on, and he came out, looked at the pile that we had slain, and called a halt. "That will do. We don't want them all killed." We took them to the kitchen, split up a lot of wood, built a good fire, helped the girls dress the chickens, dug a basket of potatoes, and made ourselves useful as well as agreeable.

—The Dixon Sun on the question of electing a circuit judge has this editorial: "Of prime importance and above everything else is to be regarded the fitness for the place. This involves not only legal attainments and experience, but of far more consequence, the ability and disposition to administer justice. Not only should a judge be capable of what is right but he should be a man whose impulses are invariably to do right. A man who harbors resentment for real or fancied injuries, who possesses strong prejudices or habitually ignores what is right between man and man, could not be trusted to hold even-handed the scales of justice."

Now that is true, and THE TELEGRAPH most heartily endorses the statement. But, neighbor, suppose that the lawyers nominate a man of just such relentless prejudices and uncompromising resentments, "what are we going to do about it?"

CONDENSED NEWS.

Furious snow storms with high winds are reported in various parts of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin.

All the special envoys sent to congratulate Pope Leo XIII upon his jubilee have received the grand cross of the order of Pius IX.

Hatred of the Jews is unabated in Russia. The recommendation of the imperial commission to permit Jews to dwell in any village of Russia has been rejected by the government.

Don Carlos has been heard from to the effect that he reserves his right to the French throne as the head of the Bourbon family, and he counsels the Royalists to refrain from revolutions.

Threats of death in case they do any work for the police or for boycotted persons have frightened the blacksmiths of Kildysart, Ireland, and they refuse to work for the parties under the ban.

Dividends have been declared on the Vanderbilt roads—Lake Shore, 3 per cent.; Michigan Central, 3 per cent.; Canada Southern, 1 1/2 per cent. Lake Shore earnings for the year amounted to 8.13 per cent. on the stock.

A band of vigilantes pursued and overtook Wm. Herrig, who murdered his wife and her lover at St. Francis, Ark., Thursday. They found him late at night sleeping under a tree, and hanged him on one of the limbs of the tree.

Closing out sale of millinery and fancy goods for the next two weeks.

1241w1 KLOSSOWSKI & FRANK.

CUTTERS AND HARNESS
The largest stock and lowest prices at
L. D. PITCHERS.

A. F. ROBINSON sells Boots and Shoes.

COAL.
The celebrated "Hocking" Soft Coal, also Best Third Vein, for sale at Pitcher's 1159r

IF YOU would enjoy your dinner and are prevented by Dyspepsia, use Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are a positive cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulence and Constipation. We guarantee them. 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Tillson & Hayden.

For good Note Heads, Bill Heads and Letter Heads, call at this office and see samples.

Announcement.

At the solicitation of my many friends I announce myself as a candidate for Collector at the coming spring election.

JULIUS MEYER.

WILLIAM REILLY wishes to announce himself as a candidate for Collector at the coming spring township election, and would be glad of the support of his neighbors.

C. M. CROUSEY, (the city trackman) desires to say to the people that he will be a candidate for Collector at the next township election, and would be thankful for the support of his friends.

THE

Dixon Milling Co.

Are now selling

FLOUR

At Wholesale and Retail!

Prices never lower, and the quality was never

EXCELLED.

EVERYTHING GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED

OR: MONEY. REFUNDED.

LAMPS!

—THE—

LOWEST PRICES

On everything in the Lamp Line consisting of

NIGHT LAMPS,
HAND LAMPS,
STAND LAMPS,
BRACKET LAMPS,
HANGING LAMPS,
LANTERNS, ETC

AND THE CELEBRATED

ROCHESTER :-: LAMP!

The Finest Lamp Made for a Steady, Clear and Intense Light. Call, see prices, and you will be convinced.

I CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON LAMP GOODS

D. S. HORTON,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

GO TO

CHARLEY'S

For a BIG DRIVE in

ONLY 19c. NECK TIES ONLY 19c.

This Week

A few more OVERCOATS at prices that will sell them. Also sample line of

MUFFLERS

Just received, at half value.

Call at Once for first Choice.

—AT—

CHARLEY'S Hat Store WANTED!

If you contemplate purchasing a

PIANO:

you are wanted at RODESCH'S Music Hall to examine the

ESTEY PIANO

before you buy. It is the only FIRST-CLASS piano you can buy at a REASONABLE PRICE. We mean what we say and can PROVE IT.

Call and Be Convinced.

—AT—

RODESCH'S MUSIC HALL, NO. 4 OPERA BLK

As we Inventory January 1st, we will, for the remainder of this week, offer what is left of our Holiday Goods, such as Baskets, Albums, Cards Glass-ware etc., at 25 per cent. discount.

THEO. J. HYDE & CO.
(OPERA BLOCK.)

P. S. All goods marked in plain figures.

Evening Telegraph

By Telegraph and Herald Co.
B. F. SHAW, Editor.
DIXON. ILLINOIS

WITH six guns and six nonnas a party from Patterson, N. J., took out of the brush and woodland of Waterloo thirty-one coons and fifteen rabbits.

THE Earl of Craven has set a fashion in Philadelphia. He has been smoking a briar-wood pipe in that impressionable city and the Philadelphia anglomaniacs have adopted the habit.

THE Queen has sent a special envoy to the vatican to thank the Pope for his jubilee congratulations. British Catholics are highly pleased. The Duke of Norfolk was the messenger.

QUEEN VICTORIA keeps always in her private apartment a statuette of the lamented John Brown, which goes wherever the Queen herself travels. Its usual place is on her private writing-desk.

THE library, furniture, etc., of the late King Ludwig, of Bavaria, at Lindenhof, which cost \$160,000, have just been sold for \$4,000. His carriages and sleighs have been sold to a circus manager and his deer are in a menagerie.

JOHN DAVIDSON, of Augusta, Ga., died, leaving an estate of \$116,000. It has just been divided. Each of the five heirs gets \$15,000, each of the administrators \$10,000, and each of the attorneys \$10,500. The heirs are considered lucky to get what they did.

THE petrified remains of a huge monster have been discovered near Knoxville, Iowa. The body was between fifty and sixty feet long, with a head almost four feet long and two and a half feet wide, with four eyes. The sockets of the eye are eight inches in diameter.

THERE is a gentleman in Kenosha, Wis., who is a prodigy in his way. Mr. James Judge is totally blind, but pursues the avocation of steam and gas fitter without any seeming inconvenience. He keeps thoroughly posted in current events, and is said to be a base-ball enthusiast, attending all the games. Last week he walked nine miles to witness a wreck of the steamer Johnson.

A SENSATION has been created at Wilkesbarre, Pa., by the filing of an application by William Kebler and wife, and others interested, for a mandamus to compel the Susquehanna Coal Company to produce the bodies of twenty-five miners, who were buried in No. 1 slope of that company at Nanticoke, on the 18 of December, 1885, and whose bodies are still intombed in the pit. It would cost them \$250,000 to dig them out.

AN English builder of theaters has invented a panel lock for theater doors. It is contained in a panel which occupies a large surface on the inside of the door, and any one coming in contact with the door must press the panel, upon which the door opens instantly. It is impossible for the doors of a building fitted with this lock to be fastened so that egress is prevented, but from the outside no entrance is possible except with a regular key. Terry's theater in London has been fitted throughout with the new lock.

AN attack on a military train by Arabs in the performance of the hippodrome at Olympia is a remarkable feature. A line of railway runs round the arena, upon which an undoubted locomotive with carriages steam along at considerable speed. The train is filled with French troops, who respond to the fire of the Arabs, and an animated contest is carried on for some time. Finally the Arabs are defeated, and the wounded are carried to the ambulance car of the train, and the locomotive gets up steam and runs out of the arena. There is a pleasing dance by Arab girls and military exercises by the men of the desert.

A PROJECT is on foot to form a vast Russian company to buy up all the iron works established by German capitalists in Poland. It is said that the Russian Government looks upon this project with great favor, and that the Bank of St. Petersburg has already promised to support it. The purchase price would be paid partly in money and partly in shares of the new company's issue, but the concern would be managed in accordance with the Russian laws and by Russian subjects. The establishments near the frontier would be at once enlarged by the addition of blast furnaces, so that the works would be independent of foreign countries as regards the raw material.

THE Rev. C. E. Cine writes to the *Central Christian Advocate* that three

years ago the parsonage at Emmetsburg, Ia., was struck by lightning, and he was hit in the breast by a large piece of plastering knocked from the ceiling. Instantly after being struck he saw "a great multitude of the most beautiful children running toward him and waving their hands and shouting greetings of joy." He felt no pain whatever, and wondered where he was. Soon he came to himself and found his wife and children weeping over him, thinking he was dead. He was not seriously hurt. He says that he shall go down to his grave believing that that night he entered Heaven.

CLAUS SPRECKELS, the California sugar king, recently addressed 600 farmers on the question of raising sugar beets. He said they could net from \$50 to \$75 an acre for beets; that he would put up a factory to make beet sugar that would consume 350 tons of beets each twenty-four hours, providing the farmers guarantee to cultivate a certain number of acres in beets each year. If one factory wasn't enough he'd build another, or give \$100,000 toward one if the farmers wanted to build it themselves. He said in conclusion: "I am now in my 60th year, and it would kill me to fail in what I undertake to do. It is not my money that is an object to me, but I want the people of California to be able to show that Claus Spreckels has done something for this State when his bones are at rest. If my life is spared I want to see all the sugar that is used in the United States grown here, and I want to see this country export it."

AN American, who at one time resided in Berlin, relates a characteristic incident about the Crown Prince of Germany, whose kindly disposition is well known among his own people. "One Sunday," the narrator says, "I was attending one of the churches in which the royal chaplains preach. In these are seats decorated with the royal arms and reserved for the exclusive use of the royal family. The church was crowded and many had to stand. I was standing in the gallery just back of the royal 'box,' in which alone there were some vacant seats. An old and plainly-dressed woman, who might have been a seamstress or a laundress, came near me looking for a seat, and finally, as it seemed from ignorance, went into the royal inclosure and seated herself just back of 'Unser Fritz' and the Prince Victoria. An aid or military attendant at once made a move as though he were going to show the intruder out. But the Prince, in the most quiet way, touched him on the arm as a sign that he should remain seated. The charming thing about it was the utter lack of any effort to draw attention to the kindly act. The poor old woman sat to the end of the service with the royal personages, and this shows the kindness of heart which marks the man."

WHILE in Perthshire recently Queen Victoria requested an old Highland laird to visit her, and when he did so very graciously received him, thanked him for coming, and then explained why she wished to see him. "I should like to know," she said, "the exact spot where the pretender landed, and—" She was allowed to proceed no further. Instantly the old chief laid his hand upon her shoulder, saying: "He was no pretender, madam; he was our King." "I beg your pardon," said the Queen, kindly; "I ought not to have used that word. I should have said Prince Charles Edward." Then, by way of humoring the gruff old Jacobite, she added: "You know that I too have Stuart blood in my veins." "Yes, I know it," was the reply, "and were it not for that you would not be where you are." This plain speaking, which rather startled her retinue, did not displease the Queen; on the contrary, she was amused at it and seemed to like it, and it roused her interest in her uncourtly-mannered subject, and her way of taking it went to his heart and unbent and softened his stern spirit. They talked long together and they parted like old friends. On the Queen's return to the castle where she was staying she said to her host: "I have just met one of the most honest men in my realm."

Too Well Reconciled.
"My brother," said the pastor, laying his hand tenderly upon the shoulder of the weeping man, "I know not how to comfort you. You have lost the best and dearest friend in all this world, but the Bible teaches you resignation."
"Never!" howled the stricken postmaster, springing to his feet—"never! I'll hold on to the end of my term, and you haven't got enough influence in your whole party to put me out! Don't come around talking resignation to me!"—*Burdette.*

GOVERNMENT is the creature of the people, and that which they have created they surely have a right to examine.—*Robert Hall.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A Budget of Useful Information Upon Household and Agricultural Topics.

Matters of Interest Relating to Farm, Orchard, Stable, Parlor, and Kitchen.

THE FARM.

Higher Prices for Farm Products Predicted.

Encouraging to farmers, if true, are the prophecies of our respected and progressive contemporary, *The New England Homestead*. Here are a few of the predictions: \$1 per bushel as the current wholesale price of potatoes at Boston within three months; an advance of one cent per pound in the price of hogs; similar gain, at least, in values of beef cattle before January; \$3 per barrel for nice selected Baldwins before February. "The present outlook," says *The Homestead*, "favors these predictions, which are for the large markets, like Boston, Providence, and New York. Distance from market, and other circumstances will affect values in the country. Cut this out, make an estimate yourself, and see who is the nearest right."

Good Food, Good Flavor.

Ever and anon some enthusiastic breeder of thoroughbred fowls descends upon the merits of his favorite breed—their tender, juicy flesh, and rich, highly-flavored eggs, not to be compared with the dunghills long ago discarded—forgetting that the dunghills were truly named, and that from hard scratching for a living in the barnyard, they produced the small, tough bodies and ill-flavored eggs complained of, while his thorough-breeds have a yard to themselves, are fed on the choicest grain and grasses, have nothing but pure water to drink, and all the delicacies of the season, from the dinner table.

What breeder has not noticed the difference in flavor of the eggs from his best yards and from the general flock running at large? Instinctively, the best fowls receive the best food and most careful attention, and the result is richer and better flavored eggs. Feeding for flavor must sooner or later become one of the high arts of poultry culture.—*New York Market Journal.*

Sawdust Feeder.

Veterinary Professor Sanson has analyzed and reported upon the cakes or biscuits having sawdust for base, intended as food for cattle, and horses in particular. It is an ailment not new to Germany. This ailment has for chief ingredient very fine red sawdust, acted upon by lactic acid—a powerful digesting agent. The cakes are thin, eight to ten inches in diameter, and weigh about one pound. In two samples the biscuit was mixed with bran and oats. No one of course expects that sawdust alone could be utilized as food; it is too poor in protein, but it can act by "balancing" the digestive apparatus; giving it the required volume for working.

As a stomach ballast, sawdust could then enter into competition with inferior straws. Chemically the biscuits were not nutritively richer than hay, while in point of digestibility they were inferior. In case of cavalry when campaigning, where economical rations are desirable, there would be required forty-one pounds of the oats sawdust cake—more of it bran—to equal ten pounds of hay and the same weight of oats. Now horses on the war-path must be laden with us few heavy weights as possible. The weight of the cakes could be reduced by desiccation and volume by the introduction of some highly concentrated aliment. The biscuits should be estimated at the same value as that of medium hay. Sawdust can be eaten without danger by horses. The omnibus company, when they employed that substance for litter, never prevented the horses from eating it—that which did them no harm. In Sweden, very fine larch sawdust is employed with advantage, instead of chopped straw, and mixed with sliced mangolds for bullocks and dairy stock.

THE STOCK-BREEDER.

Milk Feed for Pigs.

There is no better diet for growing pigs of any age than wheat mill feed. This is much better than bran, which is too coarse, and goes through young pigs without doing them much good. In fact, pigs will not eat bran unless starved to it more than growing pigs ought to be. If given bran in milk they will drink the latter and leave the bran in the trough. If corn meal is mixed with wheat bran the meal will be sifted out and the bran left. This pigs cannot so well do if the feed is finer.

Bran for Breeding Animals.

There is no more important item in winter feeding of stock for most farmers than to have always a good supply of wheat bran. This is especially valuable for breeding stock bearing their young. Bran is rich in bone and muscle-forming elements of food, and it serves another valuable purpose in keeping bowels open and doing away with the constipating effects of the dry food usually given in winter. For stock not breeding rye bran is as good as wheat, and whole rye may be ground for feed with great advantage. But for animals with young, wheat is much preferable, as the ergot in rye may produce abortion. A wheat bran mash given twice a day will do no more to keep stock in good health than any other food that can be furnished.

Breeding American Horses.

When the breeder seeks to create a family his first care must be to place his stock on land suited to their peculiarities. Saddle horses are best reared on broken, hilly ground, for the habit of sure-footedness it insures. Harness horses require for their development a rolling country, the moderate irregularities of which give good knee action and render them able in after days to cheerfully breast a hill. On no account should a rich, deep, alluvial soil be chosen to breed saddle horses on. Having secured a desirable tract of land, the breeder next must decide what class of horses he intends to produce; if saddle horses, the sire should be an Anglo-Arabian; color, dark bay, dapple brown, or black; in confirmation the build should be close knit, the head handsome, with the dish face of the Arab, the ears small and pointed, the eyes prominent and full of intelligence; the forehead wide, the muzzle so small that he could drink from a tumbler; the neck long and graceful, cut in at the throat; this will insure his get against being pullers; the lips, when at rest, firmly closed; the back short and straight, the withers rather low and round,

the forearm and hind quarters muscular; the ribs deep, the knees large and flat, the crown bone short, the foreleg measuring at least eight and one-half inches under the knee, the height not to exceed fifteen hands three inches, the horse well broken, and ridden in difficult ground. A steeple-chaser would be the most desirable of all thoroughbreds, as his education would be transmitted to his progeny, in so far that they would be more readily taught than other horses. The dams should be selected for stoutness of constitution, docility of temper, perfect soundness and abundant good looks; highly, but not clean bred. The sire, to produce stately harness horses, should also be thoroughbred; for heavy harness work, sixteen hands would not be too high, when combined with the size and symmetry of form. The first cross of such a sire from clean-bred Clydesdale or Percheron mares, gives excellent results.—*American Agriculturist.*

POULTRY-RAISING.

Preserving Eggs.

English authorities have as yet found no better way to keep eggs fresh than by the use of salt and lime. But the name preserved egg has a stale and unappetizing sound. If no effort were made to keep summer eggs over till winter the demand would surely be far better than it is now. And we may add that if no eggs were sold but those fresh laid, the price would stimulate and pay for methods of making hens lay in winter, when the freshness of their eggs could have no possible doubt. Preserving eggs is going to work backward. What is most wanted is to make hens lay in winter.

A poultry woman thus describes her method of keeping her poultry free from lice: "I take an old tin tomato can and put in it one pound of old grease tried out clean, one tablespoonful of coal oil, the same of crude carbolic acid, and set it on the back of the stove to melt and mix gradually. For young chicks I use a little on the head and under the throat. I apply it at night. I also put it on fowls when cooped for fattening or to break them from setting. When I am done setting I grease my whole flock, one by one, and rub it on feet and legs with an old tooth brush, and am not troubled with lice or with scaly legs."

Ladies and Poultry.

Though the keeping of a flock of fowls may be done by a lady, yet there is too much labor necessary in the management of a flock to permit of full care being given by a lady. There is nothing that will afford greater pleasure or assist in making home attractive than the possession of a flock of hens, and the lady who devotes a portion of her time in that direction will not only have the gratification of supplying her table with fresh eggs and fat carcasses, but there is a pleasure and enjoyment in handling the downy little chicks and watching their progress until maturity. It requires but a small portion of the time, and the work is really of but little consequence, but when we leave the ordinary flock and begin the keeping of poultry as a business the work is too close and arduous for a lady. Those who have large flocks are compelled to rise early and work until late, and there is always something to do. The storms of winter and the heat of summer must be endured, and if mistakes are made all the labor will be lost. But, with assistance, a lady can manage and direct the largest poultry farm.

THE FORESTER.

Trees and Soil.

Many have observed that in some localities trees of a special variety abound, while in the same vicinity other kinds flourish, and yet none of the kind is found in another part of the same town. Someone has discovered that pines and their companions, the birches, indicate a dry, rocky, sandy, or gravel soil; beeches a dryish, chalky, or gravel soil; elms and limes a rich and somewhat damp soil; oaks and ashes a heavy clay soil, and poplars and willows a low, damp, and marshy soil. Many of these trees are found growing together, and it is only when one species predominates in number and vigor that it is truly characteristic of the soil and that portion of the atmosphere in connection with it.

Trees Increasing in Maine.

The editor of *The New England Farmer*, who recently made an extensive journey through Aroostook County, Maine, writes: On the trip we fell in with Hon. Lewell Powers, of Houlton, who is said to own more acres of land than any other person in the state; his holdings are upward of 170,000 acres. He consented to be interviewed and gave much information particularly in the line of the destruction of the forests. He dissents from much that is said nowadays about the rapid destruction of forests and declares that much scientific forestry is all wrong. He says that there is more devastation from not cutting lumber at the right time than from the ax, and that there is no such thing as exhausting the supply in Maine, which in his opinion has more lumber now than fifty years ago. A township of spruce cut judiciously will grow as fast as it is cut, and some of the most valuable towns are those that have been cut within fifty years, while some of the poorest are those which never had an ax in them. The spruce worm is only one of the concomitants of the death and decay. The old trees, which ought to have been cut and saved, die and are attacked by the worms, instead of the worms killing the trees as is supposed by some. An operator should have a tract large enough so that he will cut only the large trees and leave all of nine inches or less. The only danger to the forest is in cutting trees that are too small. A judicious operator can go over the same woods once in ten years. The value of timber lands rests more in their accessibility to streams than anything else. The annual cut in Maine is about 500,000,000 feet, and the state can stand that and not lessen the supply.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Practical Hints for Plain People.

Roast beef is looked upon as a luxury far beyond the frugal purse. This is true when applied to the "porterhouse roast" and other choice cuts, but the cheapest pieces can be made very good and tender.

Buy not less than two ribs; have the butcher take out all the bones, roll it up tightly, skewer it firmly and give you a piece of suet to lay upon the meat while roasting. Save the bones. Put a pint of hot water in the pan with the beef, roast quickly the first half-hour. This cruises the surface of the meat and retains the juices. Allow fifteen minutes for every pound of beef roasting. Baste often, for this, with the steam of the water in the pan, makes the meat tender.

Under this treatment the cheaper cuts will prove quite satisfactory. Nor are they too costly for plain people, for every part of the meat can be utilized and served in inviting shape; only the bones are thrown away after simmering for three hours in two quarts of water. Break them up small, use cold water to extract their juices and sweetness, add one spoonful of salt and keep closely covered. This is "stock," of which almost an endless variety of plain soups may be made. Add a bunch of "soup vegetables" (cost five cents), chopped, and you have vegetable soup; or a pint of canned tomatoes and you have tomato soup, or a spoonful of rice, or barley, or vermicelli, for the different kinds. All are inexpensive. Never use the "stock" the day it is made, but strain out the bones and allow to stand till the next day. Then take off the fat that has risen; this may be used for frying drippings. So almost none of the beef is lost, and a shilling a pound even is not paid without a fair return.

But to go back to the roast, for which a rich, brown gravy must be made. Having removed the meat and poured off the fat (for frying drippings also) set the pan on the top of the range and allow its contents to scorch just a little, enough to give a good color; then add one cup of boiling water and thicken with flour and season; serve in a gravy dish. A small beginning only will be made on the roast by two people. Cold roast beef is not to be despised, served with, perhaps, baked beans, which cost but a trifle, and vegetables. Or the meat may be finely chopped, a little gravy added, all covered with cold mashed potato and baked and browned in an open vegetable dish in the oven; or it may be minced and made with equal parts of mashed potato into balls, like fish balls, and fried brown on both sides, in drippings. This is a good breakfast dish.

It may also be cut up small and warmed in its own gravy, and served on toast or without the toast.

Beans are said to contain more nutriment than any other vegetable. The best white ones are only 10 cents a quart; half that quantity will fill a two-quart dish when properly cooked, and half a pound of salt pork is ample to flavor it. Wash and look over the beans and put them in cold water, using three quarts to one pint of beans; keep them over the fire three or four hours; set them where the heat will swell and soften them, without boiling, having the pork (washed and the rind scored) in with them all the while. About two hours before dinner strain them through a colander and put them, dry, into the dish in which they are to be baked, with the pork, rind up, in the center. Now in a bowl put one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cup of sugar and one cup of hot water. Stir well together and pour over the beans. If you cannot see the liquid all around the edge of the beans, add hot water till you can. They are then ready for a moderate oven. In two hours they will come out well baked, nicely browned and ready to serve.

To make Boston brown bread, mix well together a cup and a half of yellow corn meal and the same or rye flour, if rye meal is not to be had. Into this put one teaspoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and one cup of molasses (not syrup). Stir cold water very gradually into this till you have a moderately stiff batter. Beat it well; pour into a well greased, three-quart pail, cover and set in a kettle of boiling water, steaming, with the kettle covered, at least four hours. This makes a large loaf and the cost is about ten cents. It is very nice when hot and is good cold.

Corn fritters make a good breakfast dish. Into one pint of flour put a teaspoonful each of sugar and royal baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Into this put one beaten egg, with milk enough to make a stiff batter; lastly, add half a can of sweet corn; drop by large spoonfuls into plenty of boiling-hot drippings; brown on both sides and serve very hot. These go well with cold roast beef.—*Katherine Armstrong.*

THE COOK.

Choice Recipes.

[Furnished by H. M. Kinsley, the famous Chicago Caterer.]

CONSOMME WITH TAPIOCA.—To make a good consomme boil the stock for several hours, strain, skim off all fat, and let cool. Chop one pound of lean beef very fine, add one-half of a carrot and one-half of an onion sliced, four eggs, shell and all, mix thoroughly, and stir into the cold stock; season with salt and pepper and let come to boil, and then strain it through a napkin. Soak and cook half a pound of tapioca, which is sufficient for a dozen persons, and when done mix in one spoonful of the tapioca for each plate required, and add a little sherry previous to serving.

ROAST PRAIRIE CHICKEN.—Select with care a fresh prairie chicken, pick it dry and clean it thoroughly and stuff it with a bread stuffing, tie the legs, and put it in the oven to roast. To have it well cooked it should remain there forty-five minutes.

GERMAN BEEF SOUP.—Boil a soup bone with a few vegetables for three or four hours, then strain off two quarts of the stock, or as much as required, skim off all fat, and keep it boiling hot. Beat well with eggs, season with a little nutmeg, and mix with them a bunch of parsley, chopped very fine, and stir into this preparation a large spoonful of grated stale bread. Pour slowly over this mixture the boiling stock, stirring it continually, then let it come to a boil. Remove from the fire, season the soup with salt and pepper, and it is ready to serve. Should you prefer the soup a little thicker, use a larger portion of the grated bread.

ASPARAGUS, WITH FRENCH DRESSING.—Cool thoroughly a can of asparagus by placing it in the ice-box for a proper time. Mix one-third a teaspoonful of vinegar with two-thirds a teaspoonful of oil, a little salt and pepper, a teaspoonful of finely chopped onion, and keep cool this French dressing which is now prepared. Open the can of asparagus, drain off the liquor, and put the asparagus in a suitable dish, and pour over it a portion of the dressing, and send it to the table. The remainder of the dressing can be served separately.

VENISON STEAK SAUTE JELLY SAUCE.—Have the steak cut into suitable portions. Heat a frying-pan and then put in it a piece of butter, a kitchen spoonful of oil, and, when well mixed, put in the steak and fry it quickly—a little rare. Take it from the pan and place it upon a hot plate. Into the same frying-pan, leaving the oil and butter, add one-half a cupful of good soup stock or meat gravy, one-half a cupful of jelly, and let all boil for about five minutes. After straining off the fat, strain the sauce over the venison and the dish is ready to serve. A jigger of Madeira wine will improve the sauce. Garnish the dish with small pickles.

The Stolen Fortune

BY
Abbie G. McHaver

CHAPTER V.



IN a stately mansion, high up on the side of a mountain in Virginia, Miss Isabel Randolph sat by her handsome grate, where a fire blazed brightly, and mused of the past. Her thoughts were evidently not pleasant ones, for she sighed now and then, and glanced sadly out of the window on the glorious autumn scene that stretched before her vision.

A servant brought her a card, but no sooner did she read the name than it dropped from her hand as if it had been a coal of fire.

"Heavens!" she thought, "what brings him here? I suppose I must see him though; there is no escape."

Very white and stately she appeared when the door opened to admit the undesirable visitor.

The gentleman that advanced to



"Oh, my God, how can I bear it!"

meet her, with a carriage and manner as haughty and self-possessed as her own, was no other than Dan Le Fane. "Good-morning, fair cousin," he said, blandly, with his dark, cruel eyes bent searchingly upon her lovely face—which was beautiful still, notwithstanding it betrayed traces of thirty-five or six years. "I trust I see you well, after all these long years of separation. You are little changed. Still beautiful as the old siren that sent me to the Evil One as fast as possible."

The woman's face grew scornful, an indignant, contemptuous glance fell upon the dark, handsome face of the man, and in tones of withering scorn, she replied:

"That is false—just as false as you are. I can find no better comparison. You went your evil course simply because your heart was evil. I always disliked you."

"And I always loved you," said the man, smilingly.

"Love! You are too cruel to know what that word means. It was you who wrecked my life far more dreadfully than you ever dreamed of, thank heaven! But it is past. What brings you back to your old home now? Some new contemplated crime, no doubt."

"You are highly complimentary, to say the least. But I will tell you why I came back. I came to see you principally and to take possession of the late Richard Fairleigh's estate."

"The late—"

"Yes; why do you turn pale? Upon my word, I did not suppose that name could move you so at this late day. Yes, he is dead. Here, take this chair. How lovely you look when so white; a shock is highly becoming to you."

She was white, and for a moment he fancied she would faint, but by a strong effort she recovered her composure somewhat.

"I suppose you knew that your third cousin and old lover had been living on the prairies, a ranchman's rude life—almost the life of a recluse."

She bowed coldly.

"Yes, you knew all that; well, there are some other things you did not know, I dare say. He had prospered with his herds, and curse him! money always came easily and honestly to him. He was growing richer and richer, when one night his ranch burned down and he perished in the flames."

"Oh, my God, how terrible!"

"Yes," watching her narrowly and enjoying her evident anguish. "The ranch burned, as I say, and that leaves me his heir, as he left no will, in fact made no provision for his little adopted daughter."

"His—what?" in surprise.

"His adopted daughter. Ah, so this is news to you! Well, it seemed it was a little while Richard picked up in some Southern city. I never knew the particulars, but she is a lovely girl of about seventeen, I should judge. He called her his daughter, and she never knew that she was not what she seemed until I had the pleasure of informing her that she had no claim whatever legally upon Richard Fairleigh's fortune."

The lady had lifted one white hand

to her eyes as if to conceal their pain or surprise, and asked in a husky voice:

"Her name?"

"Nora, he called her. Nora Fairleigh."

Then that for which he had been half prepared at the beginning of their conversation took place. Miss Isabel Randolph sank back in her chair in a dead faint.

"Queer," he thought, puzzled for once in his life, "that she should faint over his adopted daughter, and take his death as calmly as she did. Ah, she's coming around."

She recovered slowly at first, but when his dark, evil face grew plainer, gloating over her misery, she struggled for composure and conquered.

"The story you bring is so terrible, it is enough to weaken stronger nerves than mine. Are you quite sure that Richard is dead—have you undoubted proof of that?"

"Oh, yes, we have positive proof, and I have possession of his valuable papers that prove me to be his true heir. Congratulate me, fair cousin, upon my good fortune."

"I have no congratulations for you. Is your call not at an end? Surely you have told me enough bad news for one visit."

The man laughed, then exclaimed in sudden passion:

"Isabel, is there still no hope for me. I have loved you so long, and now I am rich at last, may I not hope?"

"Stop, sir, you do not know how repugnant your words are to me. For the love of heaven, take yourself from my presence."

"I will, and woe betide you, Isabel, for your chilling reception of my favor. I will have revenge for every word so coldly uttered toward me this day and for all your past rejections." And he was gone.

When the door closed upon his retreating figure, Isabel sank upon her knees before her chair, and slow tears crept through her white fingers.

"Oh, my God, how can I bear it!" she murmured. "Richard, my love, my own dear Richard, are you dead? Do you know all now? Have you learned that it was only my evil cousin Dan, and unfortunate circumstances that made you doubt me, and—and the little girl you called Nora. I must see her; I must know if—if my suspicions are correct. Dan said he would be revenged. Ah, he little dreamed that the tables might be turned if I chose to show my hand."

When all preliminaries of his business had been completed, Dan Le Fane went for a last call upon his cousin, but was refused admittance.

"You beautiful witch," he muttered, looking back at her stately home, his dark eyes full of passionate longing and revenge. "Beware! I would crush you as heartlessly as a worm under my heel, and the time will come by and by when you shall feel my power. Only to-day I bought the mortgage on your fine home, and before another year yourself and your old father shall be homeless."

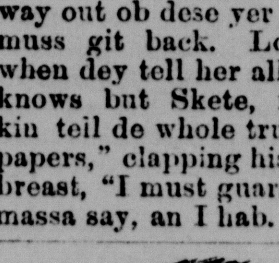
When he boarded the train at the station he noticed carelessly an old lady enter. She wore plain old-fashioned clothing and her hair was snowy white. A heavy veil quite concealed her features. Dan Le Fane little dreamed that at last Nemesis was on his track.

CHAPTER VI.



WHEN Skete had been a denizen of Satan's Roost for more than a week, he began to look about him and to dream of escape.

"If eber I could jes slip off; I blebe I could git back to Miss Nora. I blebe I could find my way out ob dese yer mountains. An' I muss git back. Lor, what'll her do when dey tell her all bout—Nobody knows but Skete, nobody now libin kin tell de whole truf an—an dese yer papers," clapping his black hand to his breast, "I must guard wif my life, old massa say, an I hab. La now wouldn't



me here all alone!" cried Skete, beginning to tremble.

"Yes, we are, and you'd better not stir from the place either, 'cause you'll lose yer skin ef you do. Redskins are thick as snakes, and they jist love to burn darkies; got a natural grudge ag inst 'em."

"Oh, oh, oh!" howled Skete, "I don't want yo' to leab me here. I'll die ef you do, boss."

The man laughed boisterously.

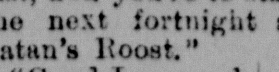
"Not much you won't; you jist keep yer eyes peeled. I've larned ye how to shoot first rate, and we'll all be back in less than a week."

Then Jim muttered to himself: "It's agin the Cap'n's orders, but I can't help that. Every man will be needed in the dangerous undertaking. Skete's too big a coward to attempt to escape, and if he did he'd never find his way home; that is, not with his wool on."

Thus it happened that Skete was left in charge of the robbers' stronghold and no trouble apprehended.

No sooner were the members of the band quite out of sight than Skete had a double shuffle all to himself, and actually stood on his head a second—a feat he had not attempted for the past twenty-five years.

"Golly! bress de Lor! Now if Skete ain't in luck. Stay here and keep de house, and jes' wait till you nice, bery nice gentlemen come back! Golly," snapping his fingers in the direction that they had taken, "if I aint a makin' tracks 'fore an hour, den I am a fool, sure. Oh, hi, yi; de idee ob me waitin' till dey come back. Now, Miss Nora, honey, Skete's a comin'; he may



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Skete felt a cold body crawl over his foot.

be long while, but he'll git dar, oh, yes, honey; he'll git dar."

Skete made his humble preparations as quickly as possible; he gathered together a small bag of broiled meat and crackers and seized his rifle and the revolver Jim had thought best to leave him, as well as a long sharp knife and small dagger he purloined from the outfit of the band.

The bag he swung across his shoulder, the knives and revolver he fastened in his belt, the small knife in his breast, and the rifle he carried in his hand ready for any emergency.

Poor, simple Skete. He had heard of the vastness of the mountain ranges, of the wide desolate plains, of the dangerous red foe on every side; but he dimly comprehended it all. One idea was firmly fixed in his dull brain, and that was that he must escape and find his beloved mistress; that he must tell her the secret he held, before he died.

The day was very fair, birds sang in the hemlocks and pines, flowers hung in festoons from many a scraggy ledge and over many a dangerous chasm, the hardy autumn blossoms that would live until winter's keen breath put out their sweet lives.

Skete watched the sun as it began to climb high over head.

"Bout noon; guess I'll take a rest; might not be goin' jes east ef I keep on now; wait till de sun begin to go down west, den I kin tell de way. Oh, golly, dis am a nice place for a rest."

Under the shade of a bunch of small mountain-pines Skete crawled, and after a light dinner went soundly to sleep. How long he slept he knew not, but he was suddenly awakened by the sound of voices. Peeping out from his hiding-place, he beheld a party of Indians near, sitting around a fire and chatting amicably together as they smoked their pipes; but as they spoke in the Indian tongue Skete could not understand a word they said. In great terror he drew back his head and remained motionless, hoping to escape detection.

The Indians—there were ten of them—appeared to be a hunting party, and they cooked their dinner and ate it leisurely, and appeared to be in no hurry to move on. Poor Skete lay under the shadow of the pines, praying for their departure—his heart thumping so loudly he wondered they did not hear it.

All would have gone well, no doubt, had not Skete felt a cold body crawl over his foot, and, to his indescribable horror, knew it to be a snake. One glance toward its glittering eyes and really large body, and with a yell that startled the Indians, Skete leaped to his feet and jumped away from his little too friendly neighbor.

Of course he was now in full view of the Indians, who at once surrounded him.

It would seem proper to call the Camden ministers cucumbers, because they double up people so fast.—*Pittsburgh Herald.*

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A CIRCUS IN HIMSELF.

Queries of the Small Boy as Humorous as Those of the Clown.

A middle-aged man, whose face bore the imprint of that great household virtue, patience, leading a little boy by the hand, elbowing his way through a crowd at a circus.

"We'll sit here, Jimmie, where we can see everything," said he. "Now we are all right."

The boy gazed in astonishment at the vast crowd, remained silent for a few moments, then said:

"Papa, papa."

"Well?"

"When will the showman come?"

"After a while."

"Do them men over there with the horns belong to the show?"

"Oh, yes."

"An' does that man standin' there by that pole own the show?"

"No; that's a town marshal."

"What's a town marshal?"

"A man that arrests people."

"How arrests them?"

"Puts them in jail."

"Will he put you in jail?"

"O, no."

"Why?"

"Because I haven't done anything."

"How done anything?"

"Why, I haven't been bad."

"But you could knock him down if he tried to put you in jail, couldn't you?"

"I suppose so."

"And then he'd let you alone, wouldn't he?"

"I think so."

The band struck up, and the performance began. The boy becoming all eyes for a time lost his tongue.

"There's the clown," said the father, but the next moment regretted having said anything, for the boy wanted to know what was a clown?

"Why, he's the man that makes the people laugh."

"Will he make you laugh?"

"Well, I think not."

"Why?"

"Because I have seen him so often."

"Will he make me laugh?"

"I think so."

"Why?"

"Hush, now, and look at the performance."

"What's the performance?"

"The acting."

"What's the acting?"

"What the actors do in the ring."

"What's the ring?"

"That er—that round place out there. Look at the lady on the horse."

"Does mamma ride that way?"

"Of course not. What do you mean?"

"Last night when you came home, you told her every time you stayed out late she got on a high horse."

"I was joking."

"What's the joking?"

"For goodness sake, hush. See, all those people are looking at you."

"What for?"

"O, I don't know."

"Why?"

"Listen, now. The clown's going to sing."

"What for?"

"Hush!"

"Why?"

"If you don't hush I'll take you home."

A few moments of silence followed. One of the clowns said something, the audience roared and the boy, turning to his father, asked why the people laughed.

"Laughing at what the clown said."

"What did he say?"

"I don't know."

"What made you laugh, then?"

"Hush!"

"Why? What is the man sayin'?"

"Announcing the concert."

"What's the concert?"

"A show."

"This show?"

"No."

"Another show?"

"Ah, hab."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Right now?"

"No."

"When?"

"My gracious alive! if you don't hush I'll take you home. I never saw such a boy in my life. You are worse than the nettle rash!"

"What's the nettle rash?"

"It's—it's—oh, I don't know!"

"What made you say I am worse than it for, then?"

"Are you going to hush?" glaring at the boy.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, see that you do, now."

After a short silence the boy broke out again concerning the man who sold song-books.

"What does he want to sell them for?"

"For money."

"To buy candy with?"

"Ah, hab."

"Has he got any boys?"

"I don't know."

"Why?"

"Great Caesar! Didn't I tell you to hush?"

"Who is Caesar?"

"A man. Hush!"

"A showman?"

"Ah, hab," abstractedly.

"Could he jump over a horse?"

"Yes," musingly.

"Did you know him?"

"Ah, hab."

"Did I ever see him?"

"Yes."

"Does mamma know him?"

"Know who?" arousing himself.

"Caesar."

"No, no. What are you talking about?"

"Do you like him?"

"Come on, now; we are going home."

"What for?"

"The show is over."

"Are you going to stay to the concert?" some one asked.

"Not if I can help it," the father replied.

Shortly afterward a perspiring man, leading a "hang-back" boy, might have been seen walking across a lot. The man sighed deeply, and the boy asked:

"What made you do that?"

Know One Thing Well.

It has been remarked that the farmers who best succeed in this country are those who devote their chief attention to some one product which is favored by their special soil and climate.

There is a county in New Jersey and a town in Michigan where farmers grow rich by raising a vegetable so unimportant as celery. One region of Long Island thrives upon asparagus; parts of Delaware upon peaches; the Gulf States, upon cotton; Northern Vermont, upon grass in its various forms of milk, butter, cheese and beef; Northern New York, upon potatoes transmitted into starch; Iowa, upon corn condensed into pork and whisky.

By concentrating his attention upon a single product or class of products, and that product favored by nature, the farmer surpasses competitors in other places. There is a world of secrets involved in the raising of a fine field of cabbages. Try one row of fifty plants, and you will wonder that any man ever succeeded in winning the victory over the acute, numerous and unslumbering rivals who die with you the possession of every acre.

The special farmer must of necessity possess all the erudition of his specialty, and he succeeds because he does. A man became rich on the Hudson by raising one variety of apples, the Newtown pippin, which brought the best price in Europe and India. There are farmers in Virginia who gain a large revenue by raising peanuts. To use the language of our informant, "They know peanuts all to pieces."

Is it not precisely the same in all the avocations of us mortals? An English lady, who has been struggling for life in New York and Boston for six years as a writer, told her story the other day in the *Woman's Journal*. She failed because she did not know how to do any one thing well enough.

Soon after reaching New York she was offered \$15 a week to work upon an encyclopedia, with a promise of \$25 or \$30 if she proved herself competent. For a month she worked for herself and children with the energy of desperation, only to be told that her want of knowledge made her services useless.

She has barely lived, she and her children, while seeing chance after chance glide by which she could not improve because she had not the special skill or knowledge required.

But she had learned wisdom which she has utilized in the education of her children. Each of them, she says, "knows one thing well," and both have good prospects of success because of this—one as a teacher of the usual English branches, and the other as a teacher of music. She utters this without ment, which we advise our ambitious young readers to consider:

"There is one key only which will open the door to the bread winner, and that key is thorough knowledge of an art, training for the work selected, whether it be making a buttonhole or writing a treatise on philosophy. The days of amateur work in any department are over."

Where They Learned to Wash.

"How did the Chinaman learn to wash our clothes so well?" said a gentleman who has passed most of his life in China. "Well, not in his native land certainly, though he may have obtained the rudiments of the art there by hearing the Europeans swear at him when he brought them home their washing with the bosoms of the shirts looking like damp, white dishcloths, and their collars having the consistency of ribbons. He understood then what the outer barbarian, including the 'Melican man,' wanted. But it was only when he actually came face to face with the fair artist from Hibernia and her colored sister that he could with his own hands do it. The Argonauts of '49 first gave him the opportunity to practice refined washing on a large scale, for there were few women in California in those days. They were obliged, therefore to send their Sunday underclothing to China, and did not, as Napoleon recommended, 'wash their dirty linen at home.' The garments were at hand again on Saturday—not the Saturday following their departure, but some Saturday about four months later."

"The work was not of a very superior order, but it was a miracle of elegance in the eyes of the miners, and the 'Celestial' was tempted to come over the Pacific, and once here soon learned how the washerwoman of the time her work, and improved very largely on her plan; and it is to be feared the Chinaman has left his teacher behind him.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Cutting Red Tape.

Harper's Bazar gives the following veracious report of an interview between a negro and a sentinel at army gate Richmond, just after the war:

Sentinel—Halt!

Negro—What I gut halt for?

Sentinel—No one allowed in there.

Negro—But I blegged to go; I got note for de boss.

Sentinel—No one allowed to go without a pass.

Negro—But I tell you I blegged go in; Mr. Anderson he sent me.

Sentinel—Can't help who sent you; you can't go in.

Negro—Well, den, you gimme de guns, an' you take de note.

CR BARBAROUS VENGEANCE.

By SHORT WORK MADE OF THE BENDERS OF "NO MAN'S LAND."

The Mother Shot Dead, the Son Dragged at a Horse's Heels and the Father Escapes—Ghastly Find at the Ranch of LaBlanc, the Half-Indian—Fourteen Human Skeletons in a Pit.

WICHITA, Kan., Dec. 31.—A few days ago it was reported that a family named Kelly, living on "No Man's Land," had been carrying on the ghastly business which made the Bender family infamous—murdering travelers who put up in their house. Upon investigation ten bodies—nine being a woman—were found buried near the house. A dread revenge has been taken on the family, and the story is thus told by a man who took part in the affair.

"Kelly's house was set on fire. The son 'Billy' Kelly, staggered from the place a terrible looking sight. His hair was on fire, and one arm had been broken in two places. Following him came his mother, flourishing a big knife in one hand, trying to shoot from a revolver with the other. One of the attacking party, taking deliberate aim, killed her just as her miserable and cowardly husband came running out, both hands up, and begging piteously that his life be spared. The capture of both son and father took but an instant, and then the captors allowed their passion to get away with their better judgment. The prisoners were tortured in every conceivable manner, the father, begging all the time for mercy, while the son boasted of his wicked deeds. He was finally hitched to a lariat and dragged to death over the prairie by a horse. The whole party were so absorbed in watching the death scene that the old man was forgotten, and as it was now dusk he succeeded in mounting a horse and getting away. Then there was mounting in hot haste and a stern chase began, but all at no purpose, and the cowardly murderer succeeded in escaping."

THAT MISCREANT HALF-BREED

He Turns Out To Be a Wholesale Butcher—Fourteen Skeletons Found.

PIERRE, D. T., Dec. 31.—For months a degree of mystery has surrounded the movements of John LaBlanc, a Sioux Indian half-breed, whose ranch is at Willow creek, fifteen miles west of the city, near the old Deadwood stage road, upon the Sioux reservation. LaBlanc's ranch was a stopping place in the Black Hills for travelers during the early days. Many people who left Pierre for the Hills were never heard from after leaving the city. A few days ago LaBlanc was detected in stealing cattle and he left for parts unknown.

Thursday a thorough investigation of the premises was made, and in the bed-room of the house, in front of the door, was observed what appeared to be an opening or trap-door. This was found to be hung on hinges, so that it would drop when a cord was pulled, the cord extending from a bolt under the door to a room occupied by LaBlanc. The opening under the trap was twelve feet deep and fourteen feet square. An examination of the cavern revealed the skeletons of twelve grown human beings, and two small ones, supposed to be women or large sized boys. No clothing was found in the hole, the only article of any kind discovered being an iron bar about two feet in length, which it is supposed the fiend used to murder his victims after he had dropped them down. As the affair occurred on the Indian reservation this county will not take any steps to secure arrests, the reservation being outside of the county jurisdiction.

PUGILISM IN THE CALABOOSE.

Two Prisoners Fight Three Hours Unbeknown to the Officials.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Dec. 31.—Two prisoners confined in the jail here, named Michael Casey and Wm. King, weighing about 170 pounds each, got into a dispute on Tuesday and decided to settle their difficulty by fighting. Men were selected to act as seconds, and they and the principals were locked in a cell by some other prisoners. They decided to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring, and taking off all unnecessary clothing went to work. There was no noise connected with the affair, and the men fought desperately for three hours without being disturbed, when Casey was knocked over a bucket containing water used in sponging the men, and, as they were both badly punished the seconds and referee decided at this point to call the fight a draw. There is great indignation among the citizens that such a desperate mill should be allowed within the prison walls.

A Court Incident in South Carolina. CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 31.—At Sumter, S. C. Friday, P. C. Bowman and D. G. Keels were arrested by the sheriff and brought before trial Justice George Haynesworth. The parties commenced shooting and cutting at each other in the justice's office. At the first shot Justice Haynesworth received a ball in the eye, which passed through his head, and he is now dying. D. G. Keels and a man named Pennington, of Lynchburg, Va., were also badly wounded. The affair causes intense excitement.

Will Reply That Clubs Are Trumps.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—At the meeting of the police board Friday a letter was read from S. B. Warren, clerk of the police commission of Cincinnati, O., in which he said that a proposition was under consideration to arm their forces with the Winchester repeating shot gun in case of riot, and asking opinion of the New York commission on the subject. Major Kipp will inform him that the New York police have hitherto only needed clubs to scatter any mob.

A Cur Gets His Deserts.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 31.—Mr. H. Mortimer Black, of New York, Friday thrashed J. Creighton Davis, of Baltimore, with a whip in the street in the heart of the city. Mr. Black is engaged to be married to a young lady in Baltimore, to whom insulting letters had been written by Davis. Mr. Black called at Davis' place of business Friday afternoon and invited the latter to the sidewalk, where he gave him a severe cowhiding and made him apologize.

Thinks Gould and Sage Accountable.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—District Attorney Martine, in turning over to his successor the

complaint of Kansas Pacific bondholders against Gould and Sage, indorses them with the statement that he believes the acts charged constitute a crime, and that it is very doubtful if the statute of limitations can be pleaded as a defense.

It Was Another Major.

CORR, Dec. 31.—The name of the official accused of assaulting three young girls is Major Robert, not Major Bishop, as previously reported. Major Robert has not yet been arrested owing to the fact that the mayor has been informed that the magistrates have met and taken cognizance of the case. The mayor has in consequence decided to forego interference in the matter and leave the police to conduct it in their own way.

LIVE STOCK BUSINESS AT CHICAGO.

Heavy Filling Off in Hog Receipts and Prices Lower Than Last Year.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—The Drovers' Journal's annual review of the Chicago live stock trade says the receipts of cattle, calves, sheep and horses were the heaviest on record. Compared with 1886, the increases were as follows: Cattle, 415,000; calves, 15,000; sheep, 264,000, and horses, 18,000. The receipts of hogs showed a decrease of 1,180,000. The total receipts were as follows: Cattle, 2,579,000; calves, 66,500; hogs, 5,469,000, and sheep, 362,300.

Prices for cattle averaged 50 and 60c per cwt. lower; for hogs, \$1 higher; for sheep, about 25c lower. The total receipts of Texas and Indian cattle were 485,500, an increase over 1886 of 164,689. In addition fully 20,000 Texas calves were received. The receipts of western range cattle, were 301,275, an increase over 1886 of 21,000, and the largest on record. The prices of Texas and western range cattle were 60 and 75c per cwt. lower than in 1886. The highest prices were as follows: Fancy cattle \$6.50; best hogs, \$6.12; best sheep, \$4.00. Good cattle sold lowest in June and July; hogs, in October, and sheep in August.

The Failures for the Year.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—The year's return of failures reported to R. G. Dun & Co., the mercantile agency, shows a decrease of 200 in number for the year, but the large increase of \$53,000,000 in liabilities as follows: 1887—number, 9,634; liabilities, \$167,563,944; average, \$17,392. 1888—number, 9,834; liabilities, \$114,644,119; average, \$11,651. The returns for the Dominion of Canada show 1,882 failures, \$13,511,745 liabilities; average, \$11,803. The failures in the Dominion were one in every fifty-four persons in business; in the United States they averaged one in every 117 persons.

Dying Year Assignments.

DULUTH, Minn., Dec. 31.—N. O. Nelson, a prominent merchant and real estate dealer of Two Harbors, Minn., has assigned. Liabilities between \$59,000 and \$60,000; assets about the same.

BOSTON, Dec. 31.—H. Porter Smith & Co., woollens, assigned Friday. Liabilities estimated at \$45,000.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Alexander F. Reid dealer in twines, assigned Friday, with preferences for \$14,000. He had been in business seventeen years.

Chicago Port Statistics.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—During the season of navigation of 1887 there have been 11,758 clearances of steam and sailing vessels from the port of Chicago, and 11,702 entries, the value of whose cargoes aggregated \$4,623,452—a goodly increase over preceding years. The import duties collected on merchandise entered here from foreign ports during the year amounted to \$4,734,950, an increase of over \$300,000 as compared with the preceding year.

Rolling Mill to be Re-Opened.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—It is announced that the North Chicago rolling mill will re-open its extensive works in a fortnight, and increase its former large force by 200 men.

TOM BROWNE'S TARIFF BILL.

He Will Try to Get It in Ahead of the Democratic Measure.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 31.—Representative Browne, of Indiana, who was a member of the ways and means committee last congress and will again be assigned to that committee, is preparing a tariff bill which he proposes to submit to his colleagues on the Republican side for their approval, as a substitute for any bill the Democrats may bring in. He thinks that there is a chance of the Democrats bringing into the house a tariff bill of such character that the Republicans could not afford to vote against it, and then whatever credit accrued from the measure would go to the Democrats. He proposes that the Republicans shall have a bill of their own, and then if the Democrats adopt one of the same sort, the Republicans can claim that they first made the suggestion. His bill is not quite ready yet, but he expects to complete it in time to submit it to his party friends and get it to the ways and means committee before they have time to report a bill. In character it will not differ widely from what is liable to be adopted by the Democrats as a compromise. It will propose the repeal of the tobacco tax, and of the entire duty on sugar, salt and lumber. It will reduce the duty on some grades of wool, or probably place the coarser grades of wool on the free list. The aim will be to take the tax off articles entering into every day consumption, as far as possible, without disturbing "needed" protection.

Condition of Irish Industries.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 31.—United States Consul Schoenhof, at Tunstall, England, reports to the state department that the Irish linen trade is suffering from great depression. Systematic efforts have lately been made to enlarge the sale of Irish tweeds in the United States by sending out agents. The article is said to be of good quality. Flour mills are found in different places out of use on account of not being able to sustain the competition with America. The reputation of lace making is said to be more extensive than its reality. A few years ago 1,500 persons were engaged in this industry in Limerick alone, and to-day there are only about 300.

Mrs. Vilas Recovering.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—Mrs. Vilas, who has been confined to her room for several weeks with an attack of something like nervous prostration, was Friday able to sit up in her room, and was also able to receive Mrs. Cleveland, who called upon her about noon.

REANIMATING A STRIKE.

READING EMPLOYES PICK THEIR FLINTS AND TRY IT AGAIN.

Partial Obedience to the Order to Quit Work, but the Reading Officials Confident—President Corbin States the Case to the Miners and Quotes a Contract—A Gory Socialist Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30.—Midnight—It is just learned that all the assemblies including the employees of the Reading road, nine in number, have decided to go on strike, and the men will refuse to go to work. The men now claim that the strike will be general all along the line of the road and its branches. This decision is in pursuance of the convention held at Reading.

The executive committee of the newly organized District assembly No. 224, comprising the employees of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad, has issued a call, which reads as follows: "To our brother Knights of Labor and workmen in general: We, the employees of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad, now on strike, respectfully ask organized labor and laboring men in general to refrain from seeking employment on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad or any of its branches in Philadelphia or any portion of the Philadelphia & Reading system of lines, as its employees are battling for the fundamental principles of organized labor, the right to arbitrate all differences and the prevention of victimization without just cause." This is signed by the general officers of the district assembly.

READING, Pa., Dec. 31.—It was 3:30 a. m. Friday before the convention of Reading employees adjourned, after having been in session eight hours continuously. As the meeting was a secret one the details are not obtainable, but the final decision was to issue order for a general strike at noon Friday. Every man in the employ of the Reading company, with the exception of passenger-train crews, trackmen, signal-tower men, and crossing watchmen, was to go on strike, and fifteen minutes after the meeting the signal was flashed across the wires to Philadelphia and Williamsport. The order includes not only the hands of the main line but over the whole system. It also includes the shop men in this city, who took the initiative in refusing to go out early this week, thus breaking the backbone of the strike at the time, and every man of whom belongs to the knights. The resolution says that the men shall strike and remain out until the company shall agree to arbitrate all differences.

A resolution was also passed offering a reward of \$2,000 for the arrest of any person who in any way destroys or injures any of the company's property. By 7 o'clock Friday morning every delegate to the convention had left Reading and departed for home. There were exactly 363 delegates in attendance.

A dispatch from Pottsville Friday stated that Daniel Duffy, secretary of the Amalgamated Association of Miners, says the mining representatives were the conservative element at the convention. When final action came up on the strike the miners said that the matter must rest with the railroad men, to whom the whole question properly belonged, and refused to take part in the final ballot declaring the strike. A motion was also passed asking the moral support of the miners with whatever financial aid that can be given.

The miners held a meeting after the adjournment of the convention and decided to give financial and moral support to the strikers, and it was the general sentiment among them that if the 8 per cent. advance is not continued after Jan. 1. they will strike, action which will involve 30,000 men.

The United Press correspondent at Pottsville still believes that even if the miners be ordered to strike not more than half will strike. The official order to strike will not much decrease the company's present working force. Mine Hill, Auburn, Gordon, and Pine Grove branch men, who have worked steadily, are most by knights, and will not obey the order to strike. The situation can alone be changed by a miner's strike.

Pinkerton Detective Linden, who did such great work here in Mollie Maguire times, is in the coal region helping the coal and iron police. Capt. Christian has increased his force by the swearing in of 200 new men, who were doubly armed and immediately set guarding the railroad and mine property. General Superintendent Sweigard said Friday afternoon in reference to the strike: "Is all right, and we are perfectly satisfied with the aspect of affairs. If the men have been ordered out over the entire system, I would like to know when they will go out. At present we are getting along nicely, and the work is being done."

In the superintendent's mail in the morning was this threatening letter:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 29.—O'Keim: It is not necessary that I should waste my precious time in finding out your name to address you properly, but anything is good enough for a cur like you, but—decidedly one word for all: If you don't let up on the gentlemen of Port Richmond by tomorrow at noon you will need the Pinkerton men on your instead of the company's property. So prepare for the worst.

[Signed.] MEM-MEM.

The envelope was addressed: "O'Keim, care of P. & R. R. Co., Port Richmond." The detectives are looking into the matter. So far as the men employed by the Reading in this city are concerned the order to strike has fallen flat, and it may be confidently stated that there will be no strike here. The strike on the main line is practically at an end. There is absolutely no delay anywhere, and coal and freight trains, although the traffic is light, are being moved along promptly. Thus far not a single case of violence has been reported anywhere. The only thing that is causing alarm here is the prospect of a coal famine. There is very little in stock anywhere. Local coal dealers say there is not over 5,000 tons in Reading.

Elsewhere the situation is somewhat varied. Reports received late Friday night from various points in the Schuylkill coal regions, show that the train bands employed on the Mahoy and Shamokin branch have nearly all gone on strike. This will seriously cripple the company, and prevent the shipment of coal over that division for some days.

At Tamaqua everything was moving smoothly, and long trains of empty coal cars were taken to the mines. At Williamsport the employees were all at work, and freight trains were moving as usual. The officials

reported everything in good shape thus far. At Shamokin the order to strike had no discernible effect up to noon. Everything was moving along as usual. But matters assumed a more belligerent aspect in the afternoon. The strikers were going around importing boarding-houses to refuse food and shelter to the men brought to fill their places. It was reported the miners will refuse to handle coal and load it in cars brought by "scab" railroad men. Officials of the company claim that they have more than enough men to take the places of those discharged.

The Talk That Caused Haymarket.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—The Socialistic Volks Zeitung publishes an editorial in which it calls upon the workmen to let the "scabs" alone, and destroy the Corbina, Goulds, and other capitalists. It advises the use of dynamite, and openly advocates a slaughter of capitalists; calls for the torch, the bomb and hemp to strike the managers of corporations, and urges a war of the classes. All being incited by the Reading strike.

CORBIN'S CIRCULAR TO MINERS.

He Calls Their Attention to a Contract They Have Signed.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 31.—President Corbin, of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron company, has addressed a statement to the miners in the Schuylkill region in which he says: "We want you to understand the company's position. On the first day of September last a committee representing you made a request for an increase of wages. At that time the company paid its miners more than any other company paid its miners in the anthracite coal trade, taking into account the very large proportion of percentage over the \$2.50 basis that you received from the Reading as against the smaller percentage received by miners from other companies. Appreciating thoroughly the importance of having all our miners friendly to us, and to have them believe that we were at all times not only willing, but anxious to treat them generously, we conceded your demand in so far as this: That we would increase the basis for four months, with an agreement that if there was no change in the meantime on the part of other operators, and an increase of wages by them, you would return to the old basis.

"A strike in our mines would simply mean an increase of the price of coal at other mines, large profits to the other companies and their miners, a great loss to the Reading company and a comparatively greater loss to you.

"But there is still another side to this case which we wish to present to you. That contract made in September was a very fair one. I will give you a copy of it. Here it is: 'The Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron company are to raise the present schedule of basis price for wages and contracts 8 per cent. from Sept. 1, 1887, for four months, or until Jan. 1, 1888. If a settlement be made with the other coal companies (Lehigh) before that time the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron company is to adopt whatever advance in basis-rates is agreed upon by all the other companies; or in case no agreement is reached by Jan. 1, or of the non-return to work at former rates, then and in that case the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron company are to return to the payment of the \$2.50 basis schedule of prices as paid up to Sept. 1887.'

"It was signed by our superintendent, Mr. Whiting, and by your representatives; it is plain in its terms; we have kept good faith and treated you honorably.

"And now, on the 31st day of December, by this agreement so plainly expressed, the advance which we agreed to give ceases, and you, under your part of the agreement, bound yourselves to continue on the old basis.

"That contract, as I say, was a fair one, and made with a thorough understanding of what its contents were by both parties. We have fulfilled our portion to the letter. I believe that when you understand the situation as explained to you in this paper your answer will be to any man who asks you, that there is 'our contract which we have made with the Reading; the company has performed its part of it faithfully, and now we, as honest men, are going to perform our part of it.' I believe you are. I certainly hope you are, because we can not increase the wages in our mines unless other producers increase theirs. If you do, then remain at work under the basis, with a pledge from us that whenever there is any increase in any other region you shall always have the benefit of it."

Meeting of Rubber Manufacturers.

BOSTON, Dec. 31.—An important convention of the Rubber Manufacturers' association began session at the Parker house Friday morning. Nearly every rubber manufacturing concern in the country is represented. The proceedings are kept secret, and the object of the gathering can only be inferred. Retail dealers fear that prices of goods are to be advanced, and there is also an impression that wages of employees will be reduced.

Wanted the Wages Reduced.

SANDWICH, Mass., Dec. 31.—The Boston and Sandwich Glass company's works here will shut down Monday, owing to the refusal of the workers to accept a proposed reduction of pay.

Opera Manager McCaull's Close Call.

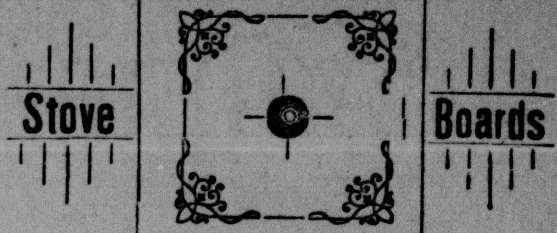
CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—Col. John A. McCaull, the opera manager, who is confined to his room at the Leland hotel by a broken leg, had a close struggle with death Friday afternoon. It was not his broken leg that so nearly caused his death, though that useful member is badly swollen and inflamed, but an overdose of bromide of potassium administered to ease his pain. The bromide was administered by his nurses, who did not understand the physician's directions. By vigorous efforts the colonel's life was saved, but he is very weak from the effects of the poison.

Chicago to Lose a Convention.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—The impression has got abroad among the prominent Democrats of this city that President Cleveland is likely to cook Chicago's convention goose so far as the Democratic national convention is concerned. It seems that Mr. Cleveland and his friends favor holding the convention in New York, and there is a strong belief that the eastern metropolis will be selected. Those who have spoken on the matter in this city were evidently rather of the opinion that if Chicago has both conventions she will be in great luck.

STOVES!

STOVES FOR COAL AND WOOD. FOR HEATING AND COOKING. STOVE PIPE, ELBOWS, AND COAL SCUTTLES.



Tinware Made by Hand. Polishing and Setting Up Stoves

will be given special attention. Roofing and Guttering done in Good Shape.

CHAS. ANDRES



M. CAHILL,

The Tailor

And dealer in

WOOLENS,

One door west of the Lee Co. National Bank, Main Street, Dixon, has now on hand and is receiving

As Fine A Line of Goods, Foreign and Home Manufacture

As Can be Found West of Chicago

Which will be made up

At Reasonable Prices

To Cash, or Prompt Paying Outcomes.

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

—O—O—

Sweet

FLORIDA ORANGES

ONLY

20 cents per Dozen

—AT—

C. C. GODFREY,

Dixon, - - Illinois.

—:BIG:—

OVERCOAT SALE!

125 Mens' Overcoats

AT COST:

40 Mens' Overcoats

\$5.00 EACH.

Mens' Suits Very Cheap.

A Good —S:L:E:D— Given

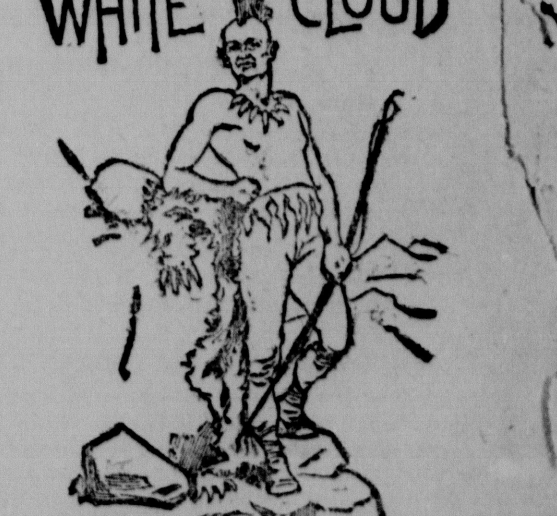
With every

B&B'S OVERCOAT!

JAS. H. TODD

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

A BAPTISM OF FIRE.

FRIGHTFUL PREDICAMENT OF AN ENGINEER IN A BOILER.

Three Feet of Flames Between Him and Safety, Which He Literally Crawls Through—A Monster Wave Rushes at Portland, Maine—Panic in a Theatre Caused by a Suicide—Railway Terrors.

GLENDAL, Pa., Dec. 31.—Hiram Collier, an engineer at the Glendale iron works, had a frightful experience and narrow escape from a shocking death Friday. He had crawled into one of the boilers in his charge for the purpose of cleaning it, taking with him a can of crude petroleum. He placed this can in the boiler near the open end, and crept to the other end of the boiler. While he was examining the interior of the oil in the can was exploded by some mysterious cause, and it caught fire. That end of the boiler was at once filled with the flames of burning oil. Engineer Collier crouched down in his end of the boiler with his back to the flames, supposing that he could hold out against the heat and smoke of the fire until the oil was all consumed. The heat became so intense and the smoke so dense and suffocating, however, that Collier saw that he must either escape from the boiler at once or meet with a terrible death. The only way for him to escape was to crawl through the flames and smoke between him and the opening in the boiler. His progress was necessarily slow, and his torture as he passed three feet or more of solid fire was frightful. He held his breath to prevent inhaling the flame, and closed his eyes to protect them from the fire, and reached the open air. He had got but a few feet from the boiler when he fell unconscious. His clothing was in flames, but the fire was quickly extinguished. Collier's hair and whiskers were burned to the roots, and his face, hands, neck, and other parts of his body were terribly blistered.

THREATENED BY A WAVE.

A Huge Mass of Water Hurling by the Wind at Portland, Me.

PORTLAND, Me., Dec. 31.—It is evident that Portland escaped a great danger during the storm of Thursday night. The gale struck Portland head at 9:30 o'clock, at a time when in this harbor the wind seemed to be dying out. The wind blew fifty miles an hour, the rain falling continuously. About 10 o'clock Lighthouse-keeper Strout and his assistants saw a great wave far out. Apparently the monster wave came in the shape of a pyramid. It struck first against the outer line of rock, and a mass of water towered up even with the lighthouse itself. Between the line of rock extending for perhaps 100 feet along the sea line and the shore is an opening some forty feet deep, and varying from ten to twenty feet in length. This space was never filled with water until Thursday night, when the giant wave broke and filled it from above. Waves of ordinary size and power breaking and pressing behind added their strength to that of the monster, and the entire mass was hurled sixty feet above high-water mark against the engine, boiler and fog-horn house. The force of the blow was such that the building, built as strong as possible, was bent, twisted and shattered. Great iron stays were snapped as though they had been pipe-stems, and the receding wave carried with it everything on shore, including stones weighing tons. When the wave was coming in it made a fearful roar, but when it struck the cliffs it seemed as though it fairly smashed them to pieces.

A THEATRICAL SUICIDE.

The Dynamite Plan in a Theatre—A Panic Ensues and 100 Are Injured.

CARTHAGENA, Dec. 31.—A terrific explosion occurred in the principal theatre of this city during Friday evening's performance, shattering many of the windows and putting out the lights. The audience, panic stricken, started for the exits, and in the crush upward of 100 persons were injured. When order was restored it was learned that a prominent broker, occupying a box, had committed suicide by exploding a dynamite cartridge, the report of which caused the panic.

Railway Disaster in Alabama.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Dec. 31.—A land slide on the Alabama Great Southern railroad near Livingston, Ala., caused a serious accident Thursday morning. The limited express—the fastest train in the south—ran into rocks and earth which had fallen on the track and two passenger coaches were thrown from the track and upset. Sixteen persons were injured, some of them badly. A freight train was also caught by the slide and some cars demolished.

Six Badly Injured.

ST. PETERSBURG, Pa., Dec. 31.—A mixed train on the Pittsburgh & Western railroad dropped off a thirty-foot trestle near this place Friday night. The wreck took fire from a car stove and was consumed. The following passengers were badly injured: Joseph Hullings, Edenburg; John Atkinson, Parker; D. Hillyard, Edenburg; A. Kiser, Elk City; W. Hann, St. Petersburg, and D. White, Foxburg.

Heavy Snow Blocks the Trains.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 31.—Reports received here from Iowa, Minnesota, and Dakota say a heavy snowstorm raged all Friday. The greater part of the time a southeasterly gale has blowing, and railway communication is almost at a standstill. But few passenger trains are moving and no freights. Many trains are stuck in snow-drifts. The weather is moderate.

Miraculous Escape from a Horror.

ALTOONA, Pa., Dec. 31.—Friday about ten miles from Bellwood on the Clearfield and Jefferson railroad, the last car of the eastern express, containing twenty passengers, went off the track at a broken rail and down a 100-foot embankment, turning four times in its descent. No one was seriously injured except John Keller, who is not expected to live.

Panic at a Festival.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—While the Christmas exercises of the Mission Sunday school of the First Congregational church in this city were going on Friday night some one cried "fire." A panic ensued in which six children were more or less trampled upon and bruised, Emil Way, a 9-year-old boy, probably fatally.

A Family Decimated by Diphtheria.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Dec. 31.—George Scott buried two children in one grave Friday. Two weeks ago he buried his youngest child. Two other children are also sick, while his wife is lying at death's door. All are victims of diphtheria.

Born To Be Hung, Probably.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 31.—Friday in this city, John McKenna fell headlong into a well sixty feet deep, and, strange to say, escaped unhurt. He is a plumber.

A movement has been organized in North Carolina for securing a repeal of the tax on tobacco, and a delegation will be sent to Washington for that purpose.

THOSE PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

Synopsis of the Two Reports Made by the Investigators.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—The majority and minority reports of the Pacific railway commission are published. They agree with the forecast, already published. The majority report says it is certain that the Union Pacific system can not pay its debt to the United States at its maturity. It is therefore recommended that the debt be extended fifty years, the government taking full security. It is learned by the investigation that the assets of the Union Pacific in former years were largely misapplied, thus impairing its ability to meet its obligations. The bill submitted by the commissioners, therefore includes a clause requiring the company to make no opposition to the bringing of suits against any officer of the company growing out of those criminal transactions. Substantially the same provisions are to apply to the Central Pacific.

Commissioner Patterson's minority report objects to the extension of time, and recommends an immediate winding up of the companies, a forfeiture of their charters, the appointment of a receiver for immediate settlement of the debt. The full history of the road is denounced as one of fraud, and it is declared that the government might better lose a part of the debt than continue present relations any longer.

One Heavy, T'Other Quick—Crowd Pleased.

DULUTH, Minn., Dec. 31.—Paddy McDonald, of Duluth, and J. P. Donner, of Hurley, Wis., heavyweights, fought eight rounds Friday night, marquis of Queensbury rules, for \$300 and receipts. McDonald was the heavier, Donner a little quicker. They fought two rounds hard, then both sparred for wind one round, after that it was a slugging match, and after the fifth round both were too groggy to hit effectively. It was decided a draw and the crowd were perfectly satisfied.

Horsewhipped Their Traducer.

CEDAR SPRINGS, Mich., Dec. 31.—George Moorehouse, employed at Fulton's shingle mill, was horsewhipped on Main street Friday by Mrs. Fred Curran and Mrs. Henry Avery. Moorehouse had openly boasted that he had had intimate relations with both ladies, and when the report came to their ears they procured blacksnake whips and lashed Moorehouse.

Mackey Is Reaching Out.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 31.—The Mackey syndicate consummated its deal for the Indianapolis, Decatur & Western railroad Friday night, and will take possession Jan. 1. The company pays 40 per cent. of the appraised valuation for the road, and advances to the old management \$118,000 on the second mortgage bonds of \$2,800,000.

Gladstone expresses the belief that peace will continue throughout the winter, but he is not so sure as to what the spring will bring forth.

Sullivan Demands the Odds.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—R. K. Fox received a cablegram Friday from W. E. Harding that there is no possibility of arranging a match between Sullivan and Kilrain, as Sullivan will not listen to the overtures of Mr. Fox's representative unless odds of \$10,000 to \$7,000 are given on Kilrain. Mr. Fox says that if Kilrain accepts these terms he will back him, but not to fight in England.

Rome in Its Glory.

ROME, Dec. 31.—The jubilee festivities are now at their height. These, combined with celebrations and ceremonies of Christmas and New Year's, have filled the city to overflowing with visitors from every part of the world. The clergy are a conspicuous feature. Thursday 300 archbishops, bishops, patriarchs, and other prelates of high rank attended a reception given by Pope Leo.

Not Congratulating His Holiness.

ROME, Dec. 31.—The syndic of Rome, the duke of Torlonia, has been dismissed from office for the offense of having requested the vicar of Rome to convey to the pope the congratulations of the city officials on the occasion of his jubilee.

MacKenzie Is Optimistic.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—Dr. Mackenzie arrived here Friday. He takes a most optimistic view of the condition of the crown prince and sees no insuperable bar to his complete recovery.

Barnum Buys the Paris Hippodrome.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—For the last two weeks Mr. Starr, the London agent of P. T. Barnum, has been in close communication with the directors and managers of the Paris hippodrome, now at the Olympia in London. Last week all the parties interested made a hurried trip to Paris, and on their return announced that Mr. Barnum had purchased such portions of the hippodrome property as he required for his show, including the entire Arab Fantasia, horses, trappings, costumes, scenery, etc. Mr. Barnum has also engaged Miss Jennie O'Brien, and has secured the services of Monsieur Gilbert.

Another Address to the Pope.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 31.—The jubilee address from the "Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America" to the holy father, Pope Leo XIII., was sent from this city Thursday. The cover of the address is made of white silk and is printed on it the papal insignia, and is trimmed with gold edging. The address is beautifully printed on white satin paper in blue and gold colors and is appropriately inscribed. The painting in the address was done by the famous artist Gregori, of Notre Dame.

Death of an Island "King."

ASHLAND, Wis., Dec. 31.—Judge Bell, known far and wide as king of the Apostle islands, died Friday. For nearly half

a century he has ruled what was practically a little monarchy in the wilderness. He was 83 years old, and was the oldest living settler on the historic spot where Marquette founded his mission 200 years ago.

Wants the Whisky Tax Abolished.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 31.—Senator Chace, in a speech at a temperance meeting Friday night advocated the abolition of the whisky tax, as ineffective and as inconsistent with prohibitory doctrine.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago, Dec. 31.
On the board of trade today the quotations were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 January, opened 78 3/4, closed 78 3/4; February, opened 79 3/4, closed 79 3/4; May, opened 82 3/4, closed 82 3/4; Corn—No. 2 January, opened 49 3/4, closed 49 3/4; February, opened 49 3/4, closed 49 3/4; May, opened 54 3/4, closed 54 3/4; Oats—No. 2 January, opened 31 3/4, closed 31 3/4; May, opened 31 3/4, closed 31 3/4; Pork—January, opened 34 3/4, closed 34 3/4; February, opened 34 3/4, closed 34 3/4; Lard—January, opened 15 7/8, closed 15 7/8; February, opened 15 7/8, closed 15 7/8; Live stock—From the Union Stock yards the following prices were received: Hogs—Market opened active and firm, with prices 5 1/2 to 5 3/4; light grades, \$5.00 to \$5.30; rough packing, \$5.30 to \$5.35; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$5.40 to \$5.90. Cattle—Market dull, 10 to 15 lower; beefs, \$3.00 to \$5.00; cows, \$1.35 to \$2.00; stockers, \$2.25 to \$3.30. Sheep—Market slow, common, \$2.75 to \$3.50; good to choice, \$4.25 to \$5.25; lambs, \$4.50 to \$5.75.
Produce: Butter—Fancy creamery, 20 3/4 to 21 1/4; fancy dairy, 21 1/4 to 24; roll, 16 1/2 to 18; packing stock, 13 1/2 to 15. Eggs—Fresh, 20 to 22; ice-house, 17 to 18; pickled, 12 to 15. Dressing poultry—Chickens, 6 1/2 to 7 1/2; turkeys, 8 to 10; ducks, 6 to 9; plucked geese, live, \$1.00 per doz. Potatoes—70 to 75; per bu.; sweet potatoes, \$3.50 to 4.00 per bu. Apples—Fair to choice, \$1.75 to \$3.00 per bu. Cranberries—Bell and cherry, \$8.50 per bu.; bell and baggie, \$9.00.

NEW YORK.

Wheat—Dull; No. 1 red state, 44 1/2 to 45; No. 2 do, 43 1/2 to 44; No. 2 red winter January, 42 1/2 to 43; do February, 43 1/2 to 44; Corn—Steady; No. 2 mixed cash, 63 1/2 to 64; do January, 63 1/2 to 64; Oats—Quiet; No. 1 white state, 41 1/2 to 42; No. 2 do, 41 1/2 to 42; No. 2 mixed December, 38 1/2 to 39; Rye—Dull and unchanged. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, \$15.50 to 16.00 for one year old. Lard—January, \$8.01; February, \$8.08.
Live Stock: Cattle—Common to prime native steers, \$3.90 to 5.50; bulls, \$2.50 to 3.50. Sheep and Lambs—Market opened about steady, but somewhat weak, with a downward tendency; sheep, \$3.80 to 5.80; lambs, \$5.00 to 7.25. Hogs—No sales alive; nominally firm, \$5.50 to 6.50.

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THE INCURABLE CURED!

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., Feb. 24, 1887.
Gentlemen—Seven years ago a sore developed on my nose from a fluxion nail scratch. I tried a few simple remedies, but the sore would not yield. I grew worse every year for seven years. Many thought I had a cancer. Over a year ago I commenced taking S. S. S., and two dozen bottles entirely cured me. When I began with Swift's Specific I was in very poor health, and could hardly drag about. After I had finished the course of S. S. S. I was strong and buoyant, and had a good appetite. I regard it as a most valuable medicine for ladies in weak, delicate health. It is a household medicine with me. Yours respectfully, Mrs. R. W. WILSON.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., April 2, 1887.
Gentlemen—For twenty years I have had a sore on my left cheek, which had gradually been growing worse. The many physicians whom I had consulted were unable to do me any good. Last fall a year ago I began using S. S. S. At first it inflamed the sore and it became more violent than ever; so much so, indeed, that my family insisted that I should leave off the medicine. I met stated in using the S. S. S. At the end of two months the sore was entirely healed. Thinking that the evil was out of my constitution, I left off the medicine, but in November it appeared. I was very slight breaking out appeared. I at once began again on S. S. S., and now that is also disappearing. I am now every faith in S. S. S. It has done me more good than all the doctors and other medicines I ever took. Yours truly, A. R. SHANDS.

WINSTON, N. C., April 12, 1887.
Gentlemen—Three years ago a cancer came on my face. It soon grew to be quite large. It wore on me, and my general health was very poor. Last September I began a course of S. S. S., which I have continued to the present time with the happiest result. The cancer has entirely disappeared, there being no evidence of its removal of a cancerous character left. My general health is good now, and my appetite better than it has been in years. I am 82 years old, and to-day I am working in the field planting corn. Yours truly, JONAS LIMBACH.

Gentlemen—I had a sore on my upper lip for eight years. Seven different doctors attempted in vain to heal it. One gave me a small vial for five cents, which was a "certain cure." It is needless to say that it did me no good. About two years ago I became quite uneasy, as people thought I had a cancer, and I took a course of eighteen bottles of S. S. S. The result has been a complete cure. The ulcer or cancer healed beautifully, leaving scarcely a perceptible scar. From that day I have been in excellent health, the specific having purified my blood thoroughly, increased my appetite and perfected my digestion. In a word, I feel like a new woman, and best of all, the eight year ulcer is gone entirely. Yours sincerely, Mrs. W. P. CANNON.

Trenton, Todd Co., Ky., Feb. 25, 1887.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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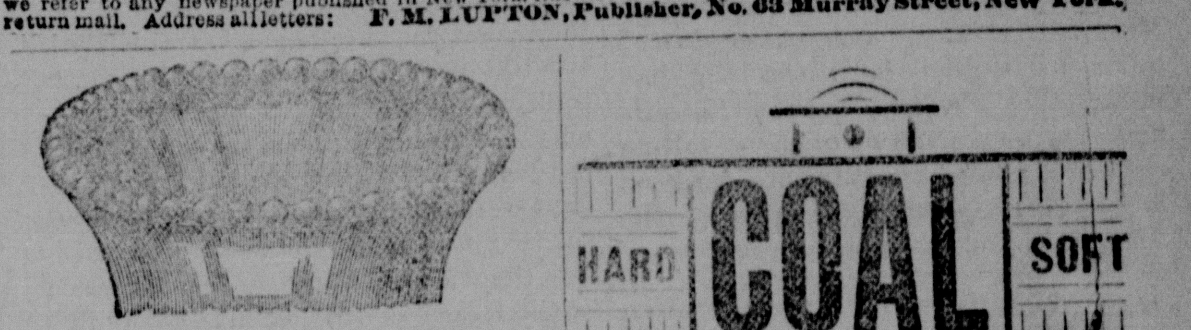
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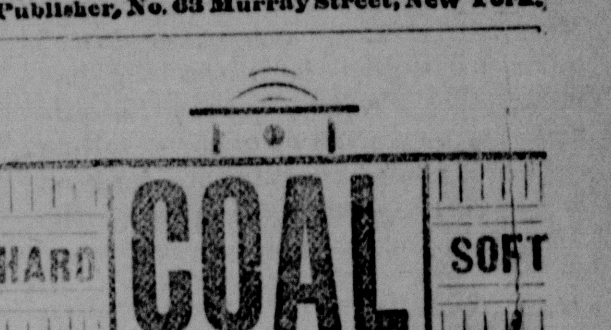
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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

C. BARRE, of Leary, Ga., shot killed a pure white partridge while hunting recently. He says there were more of them in the covey.

MINNEAPOLIS claims to have the most rapid type in the country, averaging 14,428 ems per night. His name is Miln, and he is from Sioux City.

A MAN in Birmingham has invented a curling-stone by which curling can be played without ice. The curling-stone is made of cast-iron, with two small wheels and a steering wheel.

A FARMER of Belmont, Ohio, is proud because among his other live stock he has a pig with toes, another with three ears, a cat with an ear growing wrong-side out, and a boy with three thumbs.

The Appleton (Wis.) Post alleges that by a process recently patented pulp can be made from pine and spruce wood by which writing paper can be produced as good as can be made from linden rags, while it will cost only half as much.

A BUTTER dealer recently sold a quantity of bad butter at a residence in Indianapolis. When he next returned he was invited in. He entered and was seized by the inmates, stripped of his clothing, and buttered from head to foot with his rancid wares.

IN withdrawing his name as candidate for the Legislature from Madison Parish, La., Mr. Sam H. Jones, editor of the Parish Item, displays a candor that is commendable. He says: "I withdraw my name as a candidate to the Legislature because I recognize the fact that it will be impossible for me to be nominated."

FIRE produced from a piece of ice has always been thought only a chemical possibility, but a hailstone actually occasioned a destructive fire recently at Morelia in Mexico. It appears during a recent violent hailstorm the hail broke the windows in the Estrella match factory, and one of them falling into the phosphorus mixture set it on fire and caused the destruction of the whole building, with all its contents.

A POLITICAL party does not often combine such practical service as the Liberal organization secured a late Baron Wolverton, whose estate is reported by cable, at \$7,000,000. This nobleman on occasion placed in the hands of the General Election Committee a sum of \$200,000 for campaign expenses. He was continually giving for purposes, and there is a report he had expressed his willingness to end \$500,000 for Liberal uses in the next general election.

JOHN JAMES, a colored waiter who lives in Newark, N. J., was for thirty years a barber on the New York and New Jersey Steamboats. During this time he shaved Webster, Clay, Gen. Grant, Millard Fillmore, and all the Governors of New York. He also shaved Louis Kossuth and brushed the hair of the Prince of Wales. James Matthews, the colored lawyer of Albany, who was nominated by President Cleveland for Register of the District of Columbia, was "Tony's" adopted son and was educated at his expense.

GOVERNOR TAYLOR of Tennessee recently told of a colored clergyman who preached a sermon on the text: "And the multitudes came to him and he healed them of divers diseases." Said he: "My dying congregation, this is a terrible text. Disease is in the world. The smallpox slays its hundreds, the cholera its thousands, and the yellow fever its tens of thousands, but, in the language of the text, if you take the divers you are gone. These earthly doctors can cure the smallpox, cholera, and yellow fever if they get there in time, but nobody but the Good Lord can cure the divers."

TWO BAD SONS of Farmer Peck, who lives on the Upper Hornet Creek, who went hunting on a recent Sunday. They found a bear cub and shot it. Then they came upon a full-grown cinnamon bear, and fired at and missed. The bear started for the boys, and the oldest, aged 16, stood his ground with a second shot, broke bruin's back. The animal didn't stop. The boy clubbed his gun and tried to strike a bear, which knocked the gun from his hands and caught his arm in his mouth. Then the younger boy, aged 14, ran up, and, putting his gun to the bear's head, blew out his brains and killed his brother's life.

33, a grandmother and twice a isn't found every day in the

week, but there is a pretty little woman in Philadelphia who enjoys that rather remarkable distinction. Her name is Mrs. Gertrude Gadden, the widow of John P. Gadden of San Francisco. At the age of 15 she married a gentleman named Herbert, and a year later became the mother of a girl baby. At the age of 20 Mrs. Herbert lost her husband and donned widow's weeds, which she wore for twelve years. Her daughter, rather precocious, mentally and physically, followed her mother's example the day Mrs. Herbert became Mrs. Gadden. A year later a child was born to the daughter. Six months before this Mr. Gadden was killed by being thrown from a horse at Los Angeles. Mrs. Gadden is a rosy-cheeked, pretty little woman, and looks very little older than her daughter.

In a little basin of the Alps, 7,700 feet above sea-level and five miles from the end of the great Aletsch glacier, is the unique little lake known as the Marijen Sea. This is fed by mountain streamlets, its waters being held back by the ice of the great glacier itself. An English geologist mentions having seen it in 1868 as a body of water 300 yards wide and three times as long, with a maximum depth of ninety-seven feet. But the next day it had vanished. The ice-dam had yielded sufficiently to allow the pent-up water to escape beneath the glacier and plunge into the valley below, devastating the fields and considerably raising the level of the Rhone. These discharges take place at irregular intervals, though reputed to occur every seven years. The latest outbreak was in September last, since when it has been proposed to lessen future damages by providing an artificial outlet to reduce the lake's capacity one-half.

SAID EX-MAYOR D. W. Grubbs of Indianapolis, now of Chihuahua, Mexico: "No, I am not here to stay. I shall return to Mexico shortly, but I hope in no distant day to take up my residence once more in Indianapolis. Mexico is hardly the place for an American. It takes Anglo-Saxons to form a republic. Missionaries are not needed down there, but the people must be educated. It will take at least one hundred years to bring about any marked improvement. President Diaz is doing well, but just think of an election for President of ten million souls at which but thirteen thousand votes are polled—less than the number cast for a Justice of the Peace here! Right on the line of the railroad running into Mexico you will see the old Egyptian plow in use, drawn by oxen yoked by the horns. The people care nothing for improvement. In the city where I live, of about twelve thousand population, at least nine thousand never receive any letters through the postoffice, and the per cent. who do not read newspapers is still greater. The lower classes are the most wretched and miserable I ever saw. Poor men and their wives are slaves, while the rich treat their better halves as dolls. There is little of what we call society in Mexico, and it takes a long time for one to become familiar with the customs."

THE oldest inhabitant cannot remember a rattlesnake to compare with one just unearthed in the southern part of the Cherokee Nation, says a St. Louis paper. The discovery came about through the construction work on the line of the Arkansas Valley Railroad. A gang has been engaged for several weeks in excavating a deep cut in the mountains about fifteen miles southwest of Tahlequah, and has been from time to time disturbed and killed rattlers of quite respectable dimensions. The other day, however, there occurred an event in snake-killing which eclipsed all former exploits, and which excited even the stoical Cherokees. A big charge of giant-powder was fired, and as the masses of rock came tumbling down they revealed the writhing folds of a monster rattlesnake. Two other reptiles were dislodged from their rocky retreat, but they were little fellows compared with the other. They were about six feet long, and rattled away noisily with their eight or ten joints. But above the din they made arose the deep sonorous music of the monster. The sounds, in comparison, were like the snare and the bass drum. The two smaller snakes were lively and gave the railroaders a good fight, but the big one was sluggish and seemed dazed. He was easily approached and was killed without much mutilation. After the dimensions had been taken and the rattles counted the skin was carefully stripped off, with a view to stuffing. The big snake measured twelve feet nine inches and three-quarters in length. The body was as large as that of a man of average size. The unusual number of twenty-four rattles bore testimony to the age of the former as well as to the quietness of the life he had led. Several of these rattles measured two inches across.

How Exploring is Done.

Sometimes the advent of exploring parties inflicts much suffering which the visitors are not responsible for and cannot prevent. The Stanley expedition has just furnished a case in point. When Stanley and nearly four hundred of his men reached Yambunga rapids in the Aruwimi River all the inhabitants of the large villages in the neighborhood fled into the forests leaving hundreds of huts without a tenant, and abandoning their gardens and fields to the intruders. Their precipitate flight could not be prevented, though without doubt it brought great suffering upon them. Stanley was willing to pay for food, but as the owners of the fields fled he had no other course than to take from the fields such supplies as he needed without paying for them. A few of the fugitives were caught and dismissed with presents, and Stanley hoped that in this way the men he left in charge at this place would gradually win the confidence of the natives and induce them to return to their homes.

The late Sir Peter Scratchley, formerly the British Commissioner in New Guinea, investigated some time ago a number of cases in which white men had been murdered by the savages of that big island. He reported that in every instance he found that the white men were the aggressors. They had tried to kidnap natives, had wantonly killed some of them, or in other ways had inflicted bitter wrongs upon them. Though in all cases he considered it his duty to give the natives to understand that they must leave to the whites the punishment of men who injured them, he said that some of these men richly deserved their tragic fate. There is one white man, the Rev. Mr. Chalmers, who goes in and out among these same natives with perfect fearlessness. He never carries a weapon of any sort, but he has inspired the natives along hundreds of miles of the southern coast with so much confidence and esteem that his coming is always welcomed.

While Mr. Bouvalot, the French traveler, and his companions were crossing the Pamir table-land in Central Asia last spring he treated the natives in a very high-handed manner. The party were in sufficiently strong force to be able to do as they pleased in the thinly settled highlands. As they advanced they appropriated all the porters and camels they wanted at the point of the revolver. According to their own story they must have stolen about all the useful beasts they came across. Bouvalot says that for a month they could obtain porters and pack animals only by using their sticks and revolvers, and he seeks to justify his cruel usage of the natives on the ground that his necessity compelled him to act with severity.

Explorers who have the gentleness and tact of Livingstone and Junker rarely have any serious trouble with the savage tribes they meet. Dr. Junker said a few weeks ago that he never entered a native village without sending messengers in advance to announce his coming and without obtaining permission to visit the place. He was always very careful to explain the purpose of his visit, and he found an accession, which was the constant companion of his travels, a very valuable aid in calming and delighting natives who were disposed to look upon him with suspicion.

The only blemish upon the brilliant record of Prejevalsky, the Russian explorer, is the fact that on his last journey he killed thirty or forty natives of a tribe that opposed his advance to the head-waters of the great Hoang-Ho River of China. He asserts that the accomplishment of his mission and the safety of his command compelled him to inflict severe punishment upon the natives.

Oil Quelling an Angry Sea.

A frequent cause of disaster to ships is the breaking of seas over them, and on this point the hydrographer of the United States has published within the last two years, in pamphlet form, digested from the "Monthly Pilot Chart," a list of a hundred and twenty authenticated cases in which furious seas were allayed by the use of oil; the last proof of which is furnished by Capt. Wales, of the British steamer, "New Guinea," as follows:

"In January of the present year, making passage from Baltimore to Antwerp, encountered a very heavy western gale, accompanied by a tremendous sea. Considerable damage had been done to the boats and about the decks by the seas coming over the side, and the captain, wishing to avoid heaving the vessel to, if possible, decided to try the effects of oil, his attention having been called to it by the perusal of printed accounts. Two men were stationed forward—one at each closet—with ordinary soup and bully cans filled with raw linseed oil, the bottoms of the cans having been punched with two or three small holes. The oil was allowed to trickle into the bowl and thence into the sea, with what seemed to the captain a wonderful effect. The oil-slick extended well out on either quarter, and so far astern that not a single sea broke on board after the use of the oil was begun."

The captain described the manner in which the great white-crested seas would come roaring after the ship, as if they would sweep her decks fore and aft; and how, on meeting the oil-slick, the crest of the sea would apparently be shattered into fine spray, and nothing left of the tremendous breaker but an enormous swell, over which the vessel rode easily and without taking a drop of water. The captain gave his personal attention to the expenditure of oil, regulating its flow by stopping one or more of the holes in the can when more than was necessary ran out, and in this way he succeeded in making seven gallons of oil last twenty-four

hours. All this time his decks were almost absolutely dry, the only water coming on board being the fine spray from the crest of each wave as it came into contact with the oil-slick, and was blown on board. Captain Wales adds that he makes a point of using oil when even not absolutely necessary, as it adds so much to the comfort of all on board, and eases the ship. It would seem to be the part of discretion, now that the question of using oil in such cases is finally settled, that all ships be regularly equipped with appliances for casting oil on the water, just as they are compelled to carry lights and compasses. "Seabreakers"—appliances for the distribution of the oil—have been patented both at home and abroad, and are now used by all cattle-carrying steamers and some other vessels. Special oil is now manufactured for this purpose.—Lieut. V. L. Cottman, in the Forum.

A Shorn Lamb.

Farmer Grind drew a long, deep sigh and stood it up against a slanting sunbeam which came into the barn through a crack in the big door where he was at work. It was just as well to reserve it, for sighs were not as fresh and bright with him as they used to be in days before he had the asthma, so he thought it best to lay it by for future use; in fact, Farmer Grind laid everything by for future use that he could. It was really sad to see this white-haired old man, this weather-beaten green stump of the forest, bowed down with grief, and the pitiful tears came into his eyes and trickled down to the end of his nose, from which he ever and anon wiped them with the back of his gnarled and brawny hand.

"You seem under the influence of a heavy sorrow, Brother Grind," remarked the young parson, who had entered unperceived, and seated himself on an upturned horse bucket, while the farmer was stuffing another bunch of straw into the cutter.

The farmer looked up from his work with a weary smile of recognition and replied, after he had changed his quid to the other cheek:

"Yes, brother, the hand of misfortune has rested heavily upon me. I try to bear it like a Christian, but it's mighty hard, parson, and it goes powerful agin the grain to be resigned."

"I hope so, my afflicted brother, and trust that I may offer the consolations of religion," said the parson, sympathetically; "but in what way have you been bereaved? I hope your wife—"

"Oh, Betsy is all right," interrupted the farmer.

"And the children? I had not heard. You have not lost any of the children?" and the parson grew more animated in his interest.

"Not as I knows of," said the farmer, "not a blamed kid; the children are all doing well enough."

"Where, then, has the blow fallen, brother? At what sacred place in the family circle has the dread shaft of the Death angel been turned to bring sadness into a once happy home? The wind, I trust, will be tempered to the shorn lamb."

"The family circle is all serene, parson, but as for misfortune, I should rather think I've had my share since I saw you. You know that colt—that or'ary plug that uster run in the calf-lot that?—Well, sir, last spring I—I—" At this point the old man completely broke down, sobbed audibly, and gritted his teeth. "I sold him to Gabe Cummins for \$30 and an old hair bridle."

"Seems to me that was a fair price," said the parson.

"Seemed to me, at the time, that it was, but this is a weary world, parson, and we never know what trials is in store for us. I know, parson, you'll pardon my emotion when I tell you the news that I heard only this morning. What do you think, but that that dod-blamed fool colt, that I sold for \$30 and an old hair bridle, made a mile last Monday in 2:20, and beat Silverton Maid on a \$500 bet. Gabe Cummins raked in all that wealth. There isn't much temperin' of the shorn lamb to the wind in that. I'm the worst shorn lamb you ever see, parson, and I tell you this seems to be a mighty cold day fur lambs."

Under the shadow of his great misfortune the old man bowed his hoary head over the straw cutter, and dropped a tear and a large gob of grief into its depths. Some sorrows are too sacred to be gazed on by strange eyes. The parson felt that even the consolation of religion would be inadequate in this case, and he tiptoed out of the barn and left the old man with his heart so sorrowful.—Texas Siftings.

Tongue Trippers.

Facile princeps among those crafty word combinations to the correct utterance of which even the perfectly sound brain cannot compel the tongue, stands the "Peter Piper" shibboleth, and next to it in difficulty, the line beginning "seven slender saplings stood," etc. A writer in *The Youth's Companion* gives us a very good list of similar sentences. Test your mental precision and agility of speech on them.

Gaze on the gay gray brigade.
The sea caneth and it sulliceth us.
Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

Strange strategic statistics.
Cassell's sclicitor shyly slashes a sloe.
Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig-whip.

Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow slowly.
She sells sea shells.

A cup of coffee in a copper coffee-cup.
Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

The Leith police dismisseth us.

Those who can command themselves command others.

SOME DAYS TO CELEBRATE.

Worth Clipping Out and Pasting in Your Scrap-Book.

Hallow eve, with all its pleasant absurd, but fondly believed in tests, is one of the few calendar feasts that continue unabatedly to be honored in the observance. The tests and divinations of all-hallowe'en, will not lose zest so long as there are lassies to look for laddies and laddies to come a-wooing. Hallow eve is full of supernatural charms. Children born on that night will always have some close connection or relation with the supernatural. On that night the future wives and husbands appear in the flesh or its ghostly semblance to those whom they are destined to wed. All kinds of fortune-telling are practiced—apple-ducking, seed-roasting and nut-cracking are some of the frolics and fortunes and love tests. A bridal feast served by maids in silence at midnight will be attended by the bridegrooms, who will sit for an instant at the table and then disappear. If a girl carry a candle and a mirror down three flights of stairs at midnight, walking backward, her future husband will come and look over her shoulder in the mirror. If she stand before her mirror combing her hair while the clock strikes twelve he will also look over her shoulder.

St. Valentine's day comes on February 14. What splendid, satin-fringed, wadded, scented, and hand-painted affairs of the modern card-makers can equal that old, familiar, unfashionable missive before St. Valentine took to wearing a swallow-tail coat and white kid gloves:

"If you love me as I love you
No knife can cut our love in two."

Phyllis and Corydon were the most picturesque lovers, after all! Gone is the old beautiful belief that the first two single persons who met on the morning of February 14, would marry, and in its place we have a valentine souvenir that costs \$2.50, delivered by a club Buttons or a district messenger-boy, and no kisses nor confession after all!

Whitsuntide, occurring after Easter, gets only a religious observance. Long ago in England the descent of the Holy Ghost, the meaning of the festival, was dramatized and the "Whitsun Mysteries" were enacted with show and splendor. These mysteries were allotted among the different trades-people and craftsmen for enactment, the carpenters having one section of the general pageant to represent, the merchants another, the tanners a third, and so on.

Shrove Tuesday is a feast-day celebrated only in the Southern cities of the United States, and having been made fashionable may be in danger of losing hearty observance by the people. In the North, in Catholic and Episcopal families, pancakes are cooked, and that is all that is done in remembrance of the day. In olden times on lenten days a straw figure to represent Judas Iscariot was carried through the streets and burned at night, a custom now extinct.

In New Orleans and throughout the South that grand old king of the calendar, twelfth night, still gets his annual cake. Out in the country, where the deep mowed hearths are stuffed with pine-knots, there are many twelfth-night parties, where hot gombo and deliciously dripped coffee, a sweet rusk, or loaf-cake with a ring in it and all the viands. In the city it is a day or rather a night chosen for a grand ball, presided over by the lord of misrule.

Once on a time nothing was so sweet to common folks as the observance of May day, but now the flower-crowned pole, with all its gay ribbons and wreaths, has shrunk to a skeleton, and the May day festivals and May dances are no more spontaneous, but are only to be seen on the stage or at scarcely less theatrical school exhibitions.

St. Bartholomew's day goes by unknown, but the harvest-home usages are remembered in many American churches, where a harvest festival is observed. The church will be decorated with all manner of produce—from pumpkins to black-eyed peas—and the pastor preaches a sort of thanksgiving sermon.

Lammas day is the 1st of August. On that day in olden times it was the lovely custom to give loaves of bread, made of the new wheat, from the church steps. This custom is still preserved in many English churches, particularly in London.

St. Crispin's day is October 25. On this day the orphans from the asylums sit at the cemetery gates, pleading for alms for the asylums and hospitals, a pretty, modern arrangement of the old custom of going a-begging for souls' cakes on that day, or going a-souling, as it was called.

The 1st of March is a Welsh fete day in honor of St. David, and on that day all good Welshmen are wont to wear a leek on their hats.

St. Patrick's day is celebrated wherever Irishmen are to be found, and that means the world over, almost.

A Lean Larder.

It is pleasant to know even one family in which a child of tender years takes an interest in those practical details of housekeeping which make a woman so valuable to a man who wants to keep house. The youngster is but 7. They are a family of three and none of them like dessert. But the other evening a guest unexpectedly came to dinner, and it came to be a question as to whether he might not like a bit of cheese. The young lady, with great urbanity, looked up, and said:

"Mamma, I don't think there's anything in the house except some 'mouse' cheese, and I don't think the General would like that."—San Francisco Chronicle.
